



VOLUME 42

NUMBER 2

DECEMBER 1937



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First Class Honor Rating



POTTED PLANT—*Charcoal* by ELIZABETH BLAIR

Gentle Rain From Heaven

By Alice Sircom

THE MINISTRY buildings and headquarters of the Chinese Government stand out like tombstones in the bright sunlight. Several black specks appear in the sky, larger, whirring, deadly—they drop. Yards from the buildings jagged holes gut out a little settlement of homes leaving writhing, screaming bodies. The planes hum through the brilliant sky.

A Nanking teacher a few miles away had written in her dairy that morning: "Sad to say we had a beautiful sunrise this morning, and it looks as if the day is to be clear and lovely." Not a contradiction—it was a lovely day for a raid, clear for the planes; the moon probably lighted the way that night. A few days later the teacher gratefully wrote in her dairy: "It's cloudy today, so we should have a quiet day." She and her friends watched with delight when the Ginling campus was wet and muddy, and the air was a gentle maelstrom of rain blown in the wind. The once impressive grounds of Ginling College, in Nanking, are cut up by the dugouts around the buildings, and the rains make mud of the freshly turned earth which runs in rivulets like many tiny miniatures of the Great Yangtze. Inside the administration building the ten members of the faculty made plans for their registration for the school year of 1937-1938.

It is natural to pick up an article on the war in China and have a vague picture of all the Chinese people either fighting or fleeing from their homes in terror. We may all have mental pictures of women and children huddled together in cellars or at home eating scanty suppers, but it is hard to imagine people living normally, or trying to, in a war area. A country at war must be a battlefield—that is our unconscious association of ideas, and yet, at Nanking the faculty of Ginling planned to open the women's college. What we fail to realize is that the women, children, and old people are not concerned with the battles; their life must go on. They must run the shops, keep the homes for those left, and go on living as though there were no battles in the country, no bloodshed.

It is not surprising that the schools in China want to stay open. The young women can be of no more use staying at home than they can during peace times. Any college atmosphere seems remote from the outside world and not vitally concerned with its problems; so if there is any place where students can feel secure, at least for a short time, it is in college. The colleges in China offer the regular curriculum with the addition of courses in nursing and first aid. In so far as the number of teachers has been available and financial support provided, this plan for a new college year has been carried out. The faculties of the colleges and universities have had the choice of going on with their work or coming home to America with no prospects. A cut salary is an income, and the situation is temporary, at least until the bloodshed is over. Ginling planned to open with the others.

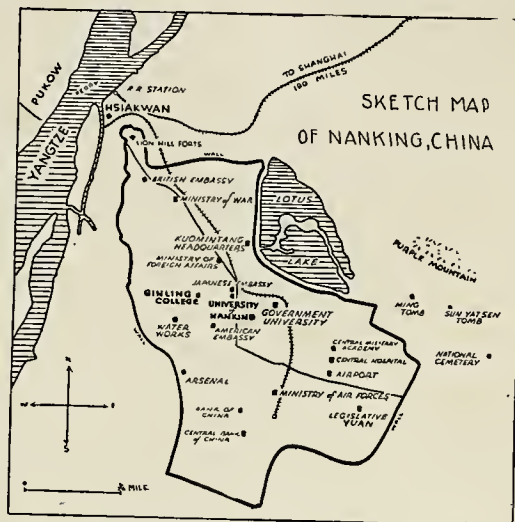
It is hard to imagine the courage of this group of teachers and students; planes were continually appearing from nowhere, and on days of raids the teachers spent an average of eight out of twenty-four hours in the trenches. While the college continued amid bloodshed, the faculty kept diaries to send to New York City to their friends. Sometimes they have had to write in dugouts in the midst of raids, and sometimes in the early morning hours when there was peaceful quiet. The diaries and letters never sound discouraged, but are matter-of-fact and interesting. The teachers write as though it is a most usual problem in opening a college to arrange sandbags and other precautions against attack from the air. During the registration one of the teachers wrote: "This morning we arranged to have two more layers of sandbags placed on the attic floor above the college vault. There was a great discussion as to whether they should be put on the attic floor or on the second floor. Decided on the former, for we want to stop bombs there if possible and not have them explode in the library." The college was going on in its deliberate way in spite of the turmoil around; each day the fighting was drawing nearer the campus and vicinity.

Meanwhile many of the families in the city were moving away, not so much from panic, but because the officials wanted to reduce the number of residents as much as possible. The American Embassy asked the women with children to leave and advised many of the teachers who had been spending the summer in other sections of the country not to come back to Nanking. The faculty is for the most part made up of American missionaries, and so they are advised by the Embassy. Several teachers who were supposed to have come to China in the early fall to teach stayed in America on the advice of the Embassy and the teachers at Ginling. President Wu felt, however, that Nanking was fairly safe because the defense work around the city was well done, and there was no dread of a Japanese attack from either the river or land—but there were planes. So each day they went doggedly on, interrupted frequently by the siren warning them of an air raid. Then they lay in the covered trenches cramped and curious until the danger was over. In between raids they were peaceful, but this peace was short-lived like the hush before an explosion. As the month of September progressed the danger became more acute.

Unfortunately for the college, their section of the city had the reputation of being comparatively safe, and so the high officials began to rent houses out in that direction and to open offices. Ginling College, was, of course, not a target for the planes, and so it was a protection for the government houses; but the official buildings were a target, and so they did not add to the safety of the college.

Each day the city showed more signs of war. The city streets were in total darkness since the power plants were bombed, and the raids were more frequent. Fortunately Ginling has its own power plant. There have been no reports whether or not the power plants were bombed intentionally or whether it was one of the many mistakes. It was reported many times that

bombs which caused the damage in the towns were aimed at the Ministry buildings and other official offices, but missed their mark entirely and hit little settlements. It would seem like spreading propaganda atrocity stories to suggest that these blunders might have been deliberate, but at least they seem unnecessary.



On September 25 the Central Hospital was bombed. The teachers from Ginling went to see the results the next day. Miss Vanttrin described the scene to her friends in her letter. "Although on the roof there was a large red cross painted in bold colors, yet there were sixteen bombs deliberately dropped in that compound which houses the Central Hospital and the Ministry of Health. Fortunately, the two one thousand pound bombs fell on the two adjoining tennis courts—you know that two bombs of that weight have to be dropped at the same time. Had they fallen less than fifty feet to the north[,] they would have landed on a dugout where the 100 doctors and nurses and hospital servants were hiding; and had they fallen a few hundred feet farther south[,] they would have totally demolished the beautiful hospital building. The biggest hole must have been thirty feet across and twenty feet deep." Apparently these bombs missed their mark only by a miracle.

The attacks on Shanghai in the business section at noon have been reported by the press all over the world. Apparently this ruthless vandalism, or "these mistakes," is part of the game of war—it makes exciting target practice.

As time went on and Nanking was subject to more and more attacks, it was necessary to move the school. Five other missionary colleges in other localities had only a sum total of ninety-five registered at this time, and Ginling had about thirty. About eight colleges and universities agreed to cooperate during the crisis. The plan was to take the students from schools in particularly dangerous areas to other schools where they would be guests during the year with full credit as students of the host college. The

faculty of the refugee colleges would teach at these other colleges, paid by their own college.

This seemed the reasonable plan for Ginling to adopt for several reasons. First, Nanking is the capital for the Central Government and is, therefore, subject to severe raids and even a possible land campaign. In case of necessary evacuation of the city, which was anticipated at the time (now a reality), the demand for transportation from the capital officials would make it difficult for the students to leave the city. Secondly, the transportation to and from the city was hazardous, making it difficult for the students to come to Nanking; and the Embassy advised the teachers against coming. And last, but most important, the parents of the students were not willing to have their daughters far from home in such dangerous times. Even if the parents had consented, it is doubtful if the college would have been foolish enough to take the responsibility of having a large group of women in a war zone.

The college authorities did not have to make all these decisions by themselves: the Ministry of Education advised them to move from Nanking. On October 6, New York received a cable saying that thirty-four students and eight teachers had gone to Hua Chung College in Wuchang and that another unit would go to Shanghai University.

Hua Chung is one of the best possible places for such a unit because most of the students come from that vicinity, and their parents are pleased to have them there. The first overwhelming disappointment met them there. "On the first day came our first surprise. We had understood that thirty of our students could be accommodated at the Women's Hostel at the college, but it seemed that Dr. Hwang's heart was larger than his buildings, and they announced on the first day of registering refugee students that they could only register twenty all told." The thirty Ginling students were only one of the twenty groups from the refugee colleges who were to get into Hua Chung!

Instead of accepting the situation as inevitable, the teachers decided to establish a Ginling Hostel immediately. They rented a mission house within a few minutes' walk of the college. Their friends and graduates of Ginling loaned them two dining-room tables, benches, chairs, and

other incidental furniture. Every Chinese student always brings her own bed linen and washstand, and these students were told to bring a bed in addition. The college only had to buy the eating and toilet utensils. On Saturday the lease was signed; on Wednesday the servants and students arrived. Twenty students arrived and shared the house, five to a room and three faculty members to each room. The room downstairs was a combined study, dining room, and living room in one. Hua Chung took only ten of the Ginling girls into the college hostel as long as the unit had its own hostel. The girls were cramped, but at least they got to college.

It could not last. The owners of the house were expected back in January, and so the girls would only be able to stay one semester. They—with great success—moved to a larger house that gave them a good bit more room for more students. This house accommodates twenty-five students, and at present there are six members of the faculty. The teachers are better off with a sitting room to themselves, and there is room for the four dining-room tables which they need. The girls are crowded and have only one dresser to a room, but the teachers are the ones whose dispositions are being tried to the limit. The faculty have a faculty bedroom with six beds, and they are debating whether they can add another!

Although the living quarters are cramped, the group is satisfied and grateful. The students have organized themselves and have a chairman for each room and the usual officers. The girls and faculty are taking part in the various war-time organizations that have been organized by Hua Chung college. The girls are active in the Y. W. C. A. and make garments and bandages for the soldiers at the front. Aside from these activities, life goes on at the college as though there were no war. There are few raids at Wuchang; and in those that have been made, the bombing has not been near Hua Chung. This temporary arrangement has been a success up to the present time.

How long this arrangement will continue no one knows. The colleges will undoubtedly cooperate until the war is over, the heavy fighting anyway. How long will the war continue? There is no way of telling either how long or how far the Japanese intend to go, or how long the Chinese can hold out. China is in the throes of

a struggle with death, for the Japanese show no signs of relenting their hold. Whatever remains of China at the end of the war will be a new China. Now the Japanese are bombing everywhere, along the railways, the rivers, the cities, apparently to cut off the transportation for ammunition and troops.

The Chinese are fighting desperately while their homes are being destroyed by bombs. "If Japan only knew it, she is welding the Chinese together as a nation more firmly day by day. There is a courage, and a confidence, and a determination that I have never seen before," Miss Vantrín says in admiration for the people. At the same time she does not hope for too happy a future for them; at least she thinks they have met a force which they have not expected: "I

think General Chiang knew what it would mean if this war started but unfortunately not many did. When he said, 'China will have to suffer patiently to the bitter end,' he saw what the end might be." Whatever the end may be, there will be schools during the struggle while these gallant women are carrying on their work, and there will be schools when the struggle is over because both Japan and China believe in higher education as an integral part of their civilizations.

And so the colleges and universities in China are carrying on every day with a prayer for rain to help them. Instead of the golden sunlight, send us the gentle rain; and please, God, they pray, cover the deep starlit sky with clouds.

THE CRACKED BELL

—from the French of Baudelaire

*In winter it gives me both joy and pain
To sit before the dancing firelight
And watch the past reshape itself again
To sounds of windy belfries in the night.*

*Vigorously the clappers strike their notes,
In spite of age, still resonant and stark.
An orison pours from the iron throats
As an old sentry calls watch in the dark.*

*So like a bell my cracked soul in despair
Desires with song to fill the frosty air.
Its stifled voice is like the strangled groan
Of wounded soldiers who, forgot and thrown
Beneath the piled up dead in pools of blood,
Die when their feeble struggles do no good.*

Translated by SHEILA CORLEY.

Return of the Pilgrim

By Rebecca Price

IT WAS six o'clock in Frankfort. They were chaining up the Jews for the night.

"Hurry up, you dogs. Get a move on you, old fellow. Yes, you with the bundle there . . . in with you. It's after six; don't you know it?"

He gave the old man a push into the Juden-strasse, a push so gentle it sent him sprawling on the cobblestones. The rotten straps that had held his pack on his back burst, and it fell to the ground. Then the huge chain slipped into place, and the belated Jews scurried down the street to their homes.

For a few seconds the old man lay as if dazed. At last he crawled to his feet and peered about in the dusk for his pack. But the king's minions were quicker than he.

"Look, Franz. The old Jew's pack has fallen on our side of the chains. We're in luck, my boy. He can't get out till morning, and we couldn't go to the trouble of lowering the chains again just to restore him his precious property, now could we, Franz?"

"I should say not!" replied his comrade, winking and drawing himself up in his version of a magistrate's manner. "All Jews found outside the chains after six o'clock," he thundered, "are to be brought before the magistrates and drawn and quartered. Any Jewish property found outside . . . well," dropping his official pose and poking his fellow under the ribs, "we know best what to do with that; don't we, my old salt-herring?"

So saying, the two knaves lifted the pack and tramped off. But they must have found it surprisingly heavy; for before, groaning and tugging, they had reached the corner with it, the old man had recovered his senses and his tongue and was shrieking after them:

"Robbers, thieves, rogues, swindlers! Bring back my pack! Bring it back! Where are you taking it? Will you take the bread from an old man's mouth, Excellencies? Excellencies, I swear to you, it's only a few rags I have been

all day collecting. You have made a mistake, Excellencies; it's not gold, or silks, or spices that I have. A few miserable rags, Excellencies," he whined. "Aiiiii!" At last he became conscious that he was babbling to thin air. He shook a gnarled fist at the corner round which they had disappeared and rent the air with his cries.

A shutter opened in the house above, and a woman's head looked down into the street. The old Jew did not see her. He continued beating his breast and lamenting aloud till he felt an arm laid on his shoulder.

"Do not raise thy voice so loud lest the guards return. Who art thou, and what has befallen thee?"

"Ai," moaned the poor fellow. "If only those rascally guards would come back! They have stolen away my life, indeed; for they have made off with my pack, the brigands. They have robbed me of my burden that I bore on my back all the way from Baghdad, and before that I came from Jerusalem, and . . ."

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Reb Moses, and Reb Naphtali, and Reb Isaac. "Art thou indeed come from that holy city? But yes; thy speech is not as our speech. All the *oi's* became *ab's* in thy mouth, after the manner of the dwellers in Zion. Then enter my house, O stranger, for this street is dark and full of ears. Enter, and we will listen patiently to thy story."

The little throng that had formed around the despoiled traveller made way as the three elders moved toward the door of Reb Moses' house, half-dragging, half-leading the stranger.

Once inside, Reb Moses sent his wife scurrying for candles, and while they waited for supper to be done, looked at his guest with a keen and somewhat disturbed attention. It was not every day that the Jews of Frankfort might entertain a pilgrim whose feet had trod the sacred soil of Zion, but it was a great misfortune that he had been robbed of his goods the minute he had entered their gates.

The old man sat huddled in a chair, utterly spent by his recent outburst, his eyes closed, and one hand holding his sagging jaw. His body was gaunt as an alley cat's and brown beneath his colorless rags. His breath came and went in gasps, and his white beard rose and fell. At last he opened his eyes and reached for the cup of wine set at his elbow. He drank, and as his taut muscles relaxed, sighed and said, "Ah well, a casket is only a casket, and tomorrow I will return to Jerusalem, but the way is long, long . . ." And again he buried his face in the cup.

Reb Moses, Reb Naphtali, and Reb Samuel waited. Surely they would hear words of wisdom from so ancient, so holy a man.

"My name is Shabbathai Kann. In my childhood I played on those same cobbles where tonight I lay fallen. I had a daughter and a son. The son travelled with me to Jerusalem, and is no more. Tell me, does my daughter yet live?"

"Thy daughter? Was she that Sarah Kann who married Isaac, the son of Maas? The same? Alas then, I have bitter news for thee, Shabbathai. It was twelve years ago that she, her husband, and all her household died of the plague. It was the year of my own marriage, and I remember it well; but thee I remember not. God have mercy on thee, and comfort thy grieved heart."

Shabbathai bowed his head. "It is just as well. Now would that I had never left Jerusalem!"

Reb Moses was surprised to see this blow taken so calmly; but the old man had many things to bear, he reflected. To rouse the old man from his reveries he said:

"Concerning thy pack, it is doubtful that thou wilt see it again. If feeling were not so high against us, we might complain to the magistrates; as it is, it is better to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible. The community will restore thee the value of thy pack. What was in it?"

"Can the community restore the dead to life? In the pack was an iron box containing the body of my little granddaughter who died of some strange malady that lives in the air of

Baghdad. When her father died and her mother died, I thought I would bring her away from the East, back to her aunt in Frankfort, for I have no skill to bring up a little girl. Besides, she distracted me from my prayers and studies. Yet the road was hard, and surely the air of the East is poison; for in Baghdad she sickened and became covered with purple spots and died. Then I sealed her little body in a casket, and have borne her all the way to Frankfort. On the way, hearing that I came from Baghdad, they would not let me enter the towns for fear of some great evil; I know not what. Nor would they let me bury her; why I know not. Now at last I have come home; but even as I entered the gates, she was snatched away. And surely now my cup of sorrow is full."

In the silence that fell when he had finished speaking, the rattling of chains was heard. Reb Naphtali rose and left the room. In a moment he returned, and his face was gray as evening.

"May the God of Abraham and Isaac protect us! For we are surely doomed, we and all the Jews of Frankfort . . . and thou with us, Shabbathai! The thieves have returned. They cannot open the casket for it is sealed in one piece without lock or key. When I told them it held nothing but the body of a little child who had died of the plague, they would not believe me. They are convinced it is full of untold riches. But I persisted, and finally they agreed that if the Jews of Frankfort will ransom the casket at their price, we may have it again. If we refuse to ransom it, then they will believe that in truth it contains a corpse, and will open it with hammers in the presence of the magistrates of Frankfort, declaring that the Jews intended by bringing the corpse into the city to introduce the plague among the citizens. It is eight thousand marks they demand, an emperor's ransom! And we have not half that money in all the Judenstrasse."

Reb Moses thought quickly. "Wife, bring me the stone that is placed behind the kitchen door to hold it open. Son, bring me the inkpot and a quill." Reb Naphtali and Reb Isaac looked amazed. As for Shabbathai, he understood nothing.

With the quill Reb Moses traced on the rock a wilderness of Hebrew characters, then held it

to the fire to dry. Slipping it in his pocket, he left the house.

The three men sat in silence. They must have waited an hour before they heard a noise as of the chains being lowered and then replaced. A few minutes after, Reb Moses entered, straining under the iron casket he carried on his back.

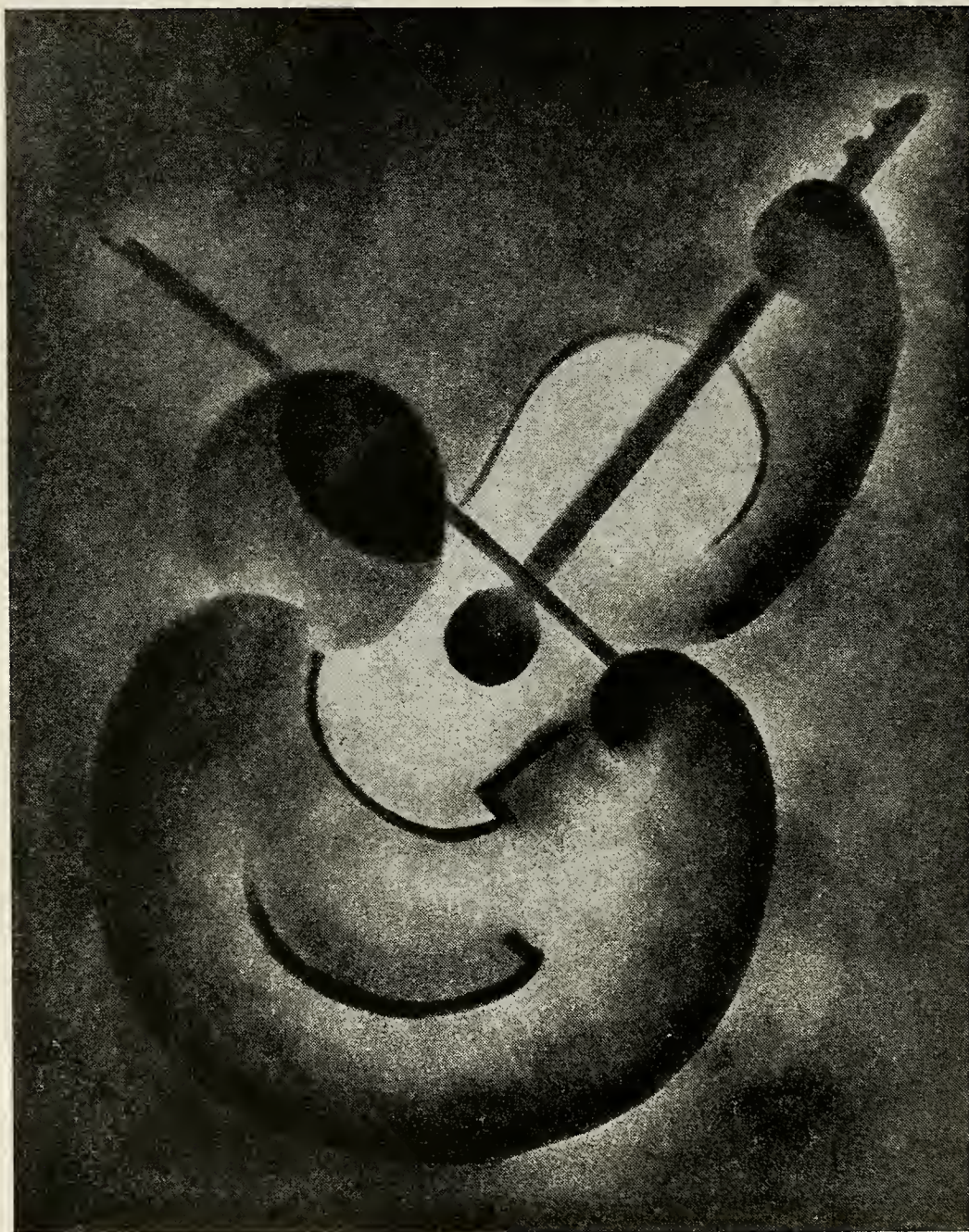
The next morning a new grave was made in the Jewish cemetery.

But Shabbathai Kann had not remained to see it done. In the grey of the morning he passed through the gates, staff in hand and his feet set toward Jerusalem.

Across the way the guards winked at each other, well-satisfied. Did they not have safe at home in their strong-box the Philosopher's Stone, a talisman which would make them wealthier than Midas?

REBECCA PRICE

Rebecca Price as author of the above story has won the Coraddi prize for the best short story submitted for this issue. We are pleased to present her with the award of a year's subscription to *Story*. We hope you will like her story as much as we did. We might add that although the story does not deal with a scene she has experienced, it is written in a field in which she has studied widely.



"THIS IS THE VIOLIN'S SOUL-SUSPENDED
SONG"—*Stencil by* CHRISTINA CHANGARIS

AT THE CONCERT

I. THE HALL

*Strange, in the concert hall, how one is still
Quite young, and insignificant, and small.
Surrounded by the thousand empty seats,
Hard, cold, and frozen, there the arches stand
Waiting as they might have stood in Rome,
Constrained and dignified, and formed by years
Of waiting for the town to cluster there,
Than by the human fingers of warm hearts.
But see! Here walk the patrons of the arts,
In twos and threes, and nodding as they pass.
The women's shining heads are bare of jewels.
They walk the aisles severely; at their heels
Their men-folk follow faithfully, like dogs,
And proud to own such masters . . .*

*Soon the seats
Grow hot and human . . . underneath the spell
Of music, lights are dimmed, the voices hushed
Which had been swarthy shrill with social lies.
Here, in this shadowed purpleness of light
The souls of men and women are unmasked,
And tears that are unwanted and unasked
Fall on the faces where the paint gleams bright.*

II. THE MUSIC

*The violin's song is soul, breathed into space,
A sweet, suspended soul made of a song
And ten white fingers, throbbing . . . All the fire
And frozen passion sealed within those strings
Would burn a heart to ashes, were it freed.
A slight, caressing wind blows through spun
glass:
This is the violin's soul-suspended song.*

*Enchanted song, Viola, at the sound
Of your deep, muted voice, all time and place
And sense of BEING go; the strain and tense
Sad moments disappear, or give way to
Another, softer sadness. Yours the depth
Of darkness unrelieved by any star,
A magic melancholia drowned in tears,
And stained in fuchsia shadows. Where we are
Your cry cuts through the pink and purpled
mist*

Like some deep-wounded bird's call to our ears.

*Resounds the surf, the green and purple surge
Of thunderous, heaving sea and mountained-
waves*

*From which a cello croons a hopeless dirge.
The cello weeps its wisdom to the world
Who listens, half-aware of pain, and truth,
And things unbeautiful . . . O, hear the cello
chant!*

*These are the things the cello sings: of nights
So velvet-voiced and soft that even Death,
The omnipresent, waits before he strikes . . .
And of a golden city built of stone,
Cast into static plaster by the gods
Who care not; and of lovers' phosphorus tombs
Alive with ghosts of musty memories.*

III. THE GIRL

*. . . Sweep down upon me, crush the very heart
From out between my bones; my body bends
Beneath the golden waves, as when the sea
Pours in upon the passive, pliant sands.*

LOUETTE GLASER.

I Witnessed the League Betrayal of an Emperor

By Louise Conkling

ON JUNE 25, 1936, a Paris train left for Geneva. It carried with it two men bound for the special session of the League of Nations. One of the two, nervously twisting a new European hat which seemed in strange contrast to the full black cape that hung from his shoulders, made the trip in a second-class coach. The other travelled several coaches ahead in a first-class compartment. Once, very likely, these two men would have travelled together, for once they had been closely allied in their sympathies and aspirations; once they had labored together in the defense of a common cause. But now there was terrible constraint between them. Their paths had diverged — just how widely remained to be shown in that League of Nations meeting. The two were, of course, His Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, and Sir Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary to the British Government.

That same week other statesmen, from many of the capitals of the world, were hurrying towards Geneva to attend the League of Nations. The Socialist Premier of France, M. Leon Blum, arrived in good time. So also did the Belgian Premier, M. Paul Von Zeeland, and Mussolini's number-one diplomatic henchman, Baron Pompeo Aloisi. And with the newspapermen that swarmed into the city there came a certain press photographer named Stefan Lux, an exiled German Jew living in Czechoslovakia, whose name would go down in history before many days had passed.

Those statesmen had been called to Geneva to effect a solution to that ticklish situation, the Italo-Ethiopian dispute. The problem, though weighted with implications, was essentially clear-cut: either the League could ally itself firmly on the side of the Ethiopians and to that end persist in levying further sanctions against Italy; or the League could abandon the victim to the aggressor, and accordingly proceed to rid Mussolini of the oppressive limited sanctions.

This was the decision that had to be made in that emergency session. Actually, however, the decision had all but been made the week

before in the British House of Commons, when Foreign Secretary Eden had arisen and painfully announced that he was no longer prepared to defend the Ethiopian cause. This was the Anthony Eden who, a few months previous, had led the initial fight to impress sanctions against Italy. It was the same Eden who had most fervently proclaimed that the heinous act committed by Mussolini should not go unavenged. And now Mr. Eden was asserting that any attempt on the part of the League to punish Mussolini was to be avoided, for its consequences might be war.

Since England was virtually the most influential nation in the League, any such declaration by her Foreign Secretary only a few days before the meeting convened in Geneva, would certainly affect, if not determine, the trend in League developments.

It was unmistakably evident in Geneva that something of ominous significance was impending. Even Janet and I, inattentive as we then were to international situations, sensed the uneasiness that held the city. And so, like most students present in Geneva that summer, we made every effort to gain admission to the League sessions. Finally, as the result of diligent wire-pulling on the part of a friend, we were admitted to the Assembly on Tuesday, and again on Wednesday. Thus we heard the Ethiopian Emperor entreat the League not to destroy all hope for a future world peace. We heard the unfortunate replies of M. Blum and Mr. Eden the day following. And though we attended no further sessions of the League Assembly, we were given vivid accounts of the subsequent proceedings by friends who witnessed them first-hand.

In the tremendous assembly hall of the International Labor Organization Building, which temporarily housed League meetings, the Italian Delegate, Pompeo Aloisi, he who had endeavored to disgrace the Ethiopian cause, sat within arm's length of Haile Selassie — in fact, in a seat just behind him. Outwardly there was nothing on the grave countenance of the Emperor to betray the desperation he must surely have been feeling. In a little while he would face that assemblage

of wary, dispassionate statesmen in a final, Herculean effort to wrest his ancient kingdom from the throttling grip of Mussolini.

As he sat through the interminable speeches that preceded his, extremely erect, with his black cape swung back to reveal a white colonial suit, the eyes of those in the galleries were irresistibly fastened upon him. So that slight figure was the much discussed little Emperor who had led his pitifully armed troops against the soldiers of Mussolini. Were his chances any better of winning out against those diplomats assembled in the house? Everyone knew the answer to that, and it behooved even the hardened cynic to feel that what was about to occur in the League of Nations was somehow too grim, too unworthy.

At the opening of the session that June afternoon, Mr. Anthony Eden briefly occupied the presiding chair while the Assembly went about the business of electing a president. In due time Mr. Paul Von Zeeland was awarded the honor, and succeeded Mr. Eden to the chair. Having delivered a lengthy speech of acceptance, the President of the Assembly announced that he would read a communication sent by Mussolini from Rome, on the matter of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia.

The Assembly stirred and leaned forward, intent upon catching this expression of the Italian point of view. Mr. Von Zeeland read the message. The delegates were informed of the great joy of the Ethiopians at becoming a part of the Italian Empire, of their gratifying fidelity to their new master, and of the Government's attitude that "Italy views the work she has undertaken in Ethiopia as a sacred mission of civilization." It is to be hoped that Haile Selassie, with his meagre knowledge of European languages, understood little of what was contained in that communication.

His own speech came as the final event of the afternoon. Quietly, with perfect composure, he made his way to the speaker's rostrum. The floor and galleries adjusted their earphones, and turned a dial to establish contact with either the French or the English interpreter, for Haile Selassie's speech was to be delivered in his native Amharic. With the spotlight turned full upon him, the galleries and floor began a patter of mild applause.

Then occurred one of the most odious per-

formances surely ever staged in what was ostensibly a judicious assembly. Just as His Majesty was about to speak, Italian newspapermen in the press section rose and, with all the stridency of which eight men are capable, hurled threats and execrations at the Emperor, which act would seem to prove that the outburst was premeditated. And what a choice bit of effrontery for future historians to play upon was their attempt to brand the Ethiopian Emperor a "murderer." Moreover, the next day Italian newspapers defended their action on the grounds that if some persons are allowed to applaud, others should be permitted to boo.

Not until the journalists were forcibly ousted from the hall by the police was order restored. During that time the Negus never for a moment lost countenance. If he secretly marvelled at the insolence of a nation which, with men such as these to represent it, could still talk of civilizing another nation, his expression did not betray him. There was nothing of indignation on his face, nothing of fear or of self-pity — only the marks of a terrible, patient suffering.

Then he began to speak:

"I, Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, am here today to claim that justice which is due my people and promised it eight months ago, when . . . the fifty nations who are listening to me today gave me assurance that the aggressor would not triumph. . . . My confidence in the League was absolute. I thought it impossible that fifty nations, including the most powerful in the world, should be successfully opposed by a single aggressor. . . .

"The Ethiopian Government never expected any other government to shed its soldiers' blood . . . when their own immediate personal interests were not at stake. The Ethiopian warriors asked only means to defend themselves. On many occasions I have asked for financial assistance. That assistance has been constantly denied to me. What then, in practice, is the meaning of . . . collective security? . . .

"Apart from the Kingdom of the Lord, there is not on this earth any nation that is superior to any other. Should it happen that a strong nation may, with impunity, destroy a small people, then the hour strikes for that weak people to appeal to the League to give its judgment in all freedom. God and history will remember your judgment."

And in conclusion the Emperor put three questions: "What is to become of the promises made to me?" "What undertakings can be of any value if the will to keep them is lacking?" And, finally, "What reply have I to take back to my people whom you have promised to defend?"

Those were awkward questions for the League to have to face. The meaning of each was unmistakable; and it was going to be difficult to hedge about with ambiguities the answer to questions so straightforwardly put. Furthermore, who was courageous enough to tell Haile Selassie the painful, but inescapable truth — that to have put his trust in the day-dream of international cooperation was a charming gesture, but an utterly nonsensical one?

The following morning, Wednesday, it was apparent that M. Blum, in speaking for the French delegation, did not intend to supply the answers to the Ethiopian's questions. Dexterously he steered around the main issues and delivered, for the most part, a wholly inadequate speech on the reform of the League, on the need for collective security, and on the desirability of disarmament.

"The world is filled with menace and the shadows grow heavy," cried Mr. Blum. "The nations are shaking the dice of war." It sounded well, and it was indisputably true, but were these the revelations that Haile Selassie sought in coming to Geneva? As a matter of fact, the Ethiopian situation, the solution of which was supposed to be the major task confronting that Assembly, was referred to only once in the speech delivered by the French premier.

Less evasive, but most distressing, was Sir Anthony Eden's address that afternoon. In it he reiterated sentiments expressed previously before the House of Commons. In carefully worded language he deemed it expedient for the League to abolish the partial sanctions against Italy. He saw no other course but to abandon Ethiopia to her fate. It seemed that Haile Selassie had been mistaken. Fifty nations could not hope to stand up against the traitorous one. The odds in their favor, apparently, were not sufficiently great.

The only declaration made that day which sustained the Ethiopian point of view came from a South African delegate, Charles Theodore te Water. He alone demanded that sanctions

against Italy be pressed further, declaring that "even at this eleventh hour to lift them will shatter for generations all international confidence and all hope for realizing world peace."

Privately, many of the delegates must have agreed with him. But most were unwilling to contest the policies embarked upon by such statesmen as Eden and Blum.

Thursday followed fairly closely the pattern of the preceding day. Speech after speech urged the removal of sanctions. Guiseppe Motta, Swiss delegate, wanted them abolished, after which abolition he wished to see new efforts made to achieve universality. That, in general, summed up the attitude of the entire Assembly. Wipe clean from the slate this messy Ethiopian business. Welcome home the prodigal son. Then start afresh; reform the League machinery; build a more effective internationalism. Since the nations have hopelessly flouted the principles laid down in the existing covenant, perhaps it is the covenant that is at fault. Let the League therefore adopt a new covenant, one which will pave the way towards peace and collective security.

It was, of course, a presumption on the part of the public to expect the League to start building its "more effective internationalism" in that tragic present when Haile Selassie, and in fact the world, had most need of it. No, the League had better concentrate its efforts on strengthening itself for the future, so that anything like the Ethiopian catastrophe should never be repeated.

Friday morning, bored delegates were suddenly startled by the sound of a shot, seeming to come from the press section. Had an engine merely backfired in the street below? It was fully a minute before realization swept the house that a man had just taken his life. Then, for the second time in four days, there was commotion in the press gallery. A woman screamed. Men formed a knot around the bleeding figure. President Von Zeeland inquired if there were a doctor present, and to the side of the dying man rushed a Canadian physician. Lux was carried out by his confreres, and the Assembly painfully resumed its business.

In a Geneva hospital shortly afterwards, the suicide succumbed. The next morning Geneva papers carried the story behind the shooting. Stefan Lux was a German Jew, living in exile in

Czechoslovakia, at that time associated with a Prague newspaper. Embittered by the League's capitulation to Mussolini and by Hitler's treatment of the Jews, he had taken his life thus sensationally as a protest against the ascendancy of fascist forces in the world.

Friday the leaders sat up in what was virtually an all-night session of the Council, in an effort to clinch the speeches of the week with the anticipated action. They drafted two resolutions to be voted upon by the Assembly the next morning. One resolution, pressed upon them by the Ethiopian delegation, called for a loan of fifty million dollars to the Ethiopian Government. With that trivial sum to bolster him, Haile Selassie was prepared to go on with the hopeless struggle. The second resolution recommended the lifting of the sanctions against Italy.

As a result of that all-night conference, League delegates took on new life Saturday morning, in the realization that they would not be forced to spend the week-end in Geneva. All that remained to be done was to vote an end to the sanctions against Italy, resolutely quash Haile Selassie's last request, and catch the first train out of Geneva.

The business before the house could not be discharged, however, until a slight technical hitch had been ironed out. Any decision made by the League Assembly must be by the unanimous vote of the members present; and since Ethiopia was not to be dissuaded from voting "No" to the raising of sanctions, it looked as if no decision in the matter could be reached. Mr. Von Zeeland was consequently put to it to devise a way out. Blandly he informed the Assembly that any action taken by it on the sanctions issue would not be in the nature of a decision, but merely in the nature of a recommendation.

A recommendation may be adopted in the Assembly by a simple majority vote. Mr. Von Zeeland called attention to the wording of the resolution prepared by the Council, which did not specifically "provide" for the removal of sanctions, but simply "recommended" that they be removed. Thus easily was Ethiopia's "No" rendered inconsequential, and the resolution was adopted by an affirmative vote of 44 to 1. About two weeks later the "recommendation" that sanctions be abolished was definitely put into effect.

Next, the resolution calling for the extension of a loan to Ethiopia, was given a roll-call vote. So ashamed were League delegates to withhold this trifling sum from the empty Ethiopian treasury that twenty-five delegates, when called upon to make a vocal response, maintained a shame-faced silence; twenty-three voted "No" in tones barely audible; and Ras Nassibu, at the head of the Ethiopian delegation in the Emperor's absence, shouted out the only "Yes."

To the enormous relief of the delegates, Haile Selassie had spared them the crowning embarrassment of presenting himself at that final Assembly meeting. In the words of his subordinate, Ras Nassibu, the Emperor felt himself "a victim abandoned to the aggressor with apologies not to the victim, but to his tormentor."

Saturday night League statesmen, subdued by the specter of international anarchy that they had set loose upon the world, hastily quitted Geneva and set out for the capitals from which they had come. It was the evening of July 4. In America we were celebrating the anniversary of the gaining of our independence. In Ethiopia the independence of a nation two thousand years old was coming to a definite end.

Journal of a Maiden Aunt (Posthumous)

By Elizabeth Brown

September 10:

HENRIETTA has just returned from New York where she has been pursuing truth in the cafes and studies of the intellectuals. She unceasingly rejected my proposal that she attend some seminary for young women; or, failing that, at least seek her learning in the gathering places of the successful writers of the day. Colleges, she says, are slow, too conventional, too factory-like for any but the average mind; they are the death of the soul, the smotherers of genius. Success, too, kills genius; it makes men little and grasping and hemmed in by the demands of their public; it reduces art to the level of the physical. And so she would have nothing but the company of those free souls whose spirits are their own, though the landlord may be holding their other shirt.

Perhaps she was right. The recent acceptance of one of her articles is at least encouraging. For my part, I find the article quite incomprehensible though Henrietta assures me that it is a surrealist creation—quite the most modern step toward the true expression of the soul. She suggested that I should be more rigorous in keeping up with recent trends of thought.

September 15:

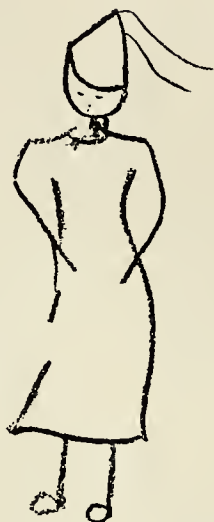
I really am not an old woman. Henrietta is quite right: I have permitted my inviolable soul to become musty by association with those unfortunate beings who never really lived. Once I cherished in my secret self the dream of creating some great work, but my ambition dulled at continued failures. Henrietta assures me that I was simply beyond my time. I think I shall work over some of these

things. Now that I have attained that full and rich maturity which is the essence of art and art appreciation, there is no doubt that I shall at last see my dreams of self-expression realized.

September 16:

Henrietta believes I should spend a few weeks catching up with things before I attempt any revision. New clothes, Henrietta suggested, are the first step in any renovation of the female; so we went shopping. Henrietta insisted on visiting only the most expensive shops, which seemed an unnecessary extravagance to me, especially after the salesgirl showed us a "gown" which I had seen—same design, same material, color, and quality—at L—'s, for some ten dollars less. Henrietta argued for the value of the exclusive V— label, but I could not see how a label, invisible in the neck of a dress, could increase my self-respect. However, I did buy a coat, though at an exorbitant price, since the label may be seen whenever the coat is open.

I observed the current styles very closely at V—'s and went afterward to L—'s and K—'s where one may get very good quality at reasonable prices, to do my buying. The salesgirl seemed bent on selling me some "Paris creation" of yellowish green which made me look bilious though it was a beautiful piece of satin and good enough on a coat hanger. However, I fear I am a bit too "magnificently built," as the salesgirl put it, for satin. I finally bought a wine velvet evening dress, rich in color and rather drapish than fitted in design; and a brown tailored street dress of a heavy, non-clinging goods which I had seen featured at V—'s.



It was getting late and we decided to leave the remainder of our buying until next week, since we shall probably have another month of warm weather anyway.

Lucy B— was just ringing the doorbell as we got out of the car, and we had almost an hour of chit-chat with her. It's a shame that Lucy has let herself get so old in the last ten years. She has not had an original idea since our trip to C—Springs—it must have been seven years ago—when she remarked that the flint rocks in the stream glittered in the sun like devils' eyes. And she has since begun to wear lavender and relay gossip—two infallible signs of a human candle burned down into its own waste.

Lucy seemed to think that the G— girl has run off with old man R—, who ought to know better than to think he can dance to that giddy thing's tune with his rheumatism.

September 18:

Henrietta has a new scheme for me to try. She has heard of a book which proposes a new plan for "waking up." One spends one day of the week doing only those things one wishes; one day doing what one does not wish; and one day doing what other people want one to. I am not sure I wholeheartedly endorse such a plan, but Henrietta is right, I should at least give it a "fling."

September 19:

I do only what I wish today. I have already refused Mrs. H—'s invitation to a formal tea. I have wanted to snub that woman for years but have felt it my duty to the community to support her, since much of her officiousness does end in good community welfare work. But if there's anything I cannot tolerate, it is a person who tries to pass as something he is not. Everybody knows she came from the flat land down near Savannah, and if there is a more definite brogue in all the United States than the one she

was brought up on, I don't know where to find it; but she sails into a room with "How dew yew dew, Missis So-and-So", and one no more than gets one's mouth open to tell her than she's off to someone else. A year in England certainly ruined her.

I am going fishing today, though I must admit I know very little about fishing seasons, licenses, and cycles. I have always wanted to get arrested anyway. The next thing is to get some tackle together.

September 20:

Ironically enough, this is my day to do what I am asked to do. Henrietta has already held me to my bargain to force a glass of port into me for this cold. I hardly realized the possible intricacies of this scheme when I agreed to it. Already I have broken my oath to the Temperance Union.

My fishing trip did not turn out so well. My lines caught in a brush down near the water and, of course, I fell in trying to loose it. I screamed, and Edward ran down from the road where he was waiting with the car. I don't remember much that happened after that, until I found myself home in bed. Today I have a wretched cold.

Henrietta just brought another glass of port. I really did not think it necessary, but I drank it to avoid argument. There is no harm in using alcohol for medicinal purposes.

Young Mr. T—, the lawyer, is downstairs to see about revising my will. I had quite forgotten that I had put him to work checking on my estate, but I do not think I shall see him for a while yet. I am too young a woman and have too much to do to waste my time on wills.

Henrietta brought me another glass of the wine.

Mrs. H— came almost as soon as Henrietta left. She was quite solicitous—inquired in a roundabout way if I had refused her invitation because of the cold but I gave her no satisfaction. I am afraid she smelled the wine. At any rate she went away looking like the cat that



emptied the cream pitcher.

Henrietta came with more wine. I feel much better now, and I think I shall get up shortly.

September 25:

We spent the morning window shopping for hats and saw some most curious creations. One in particular simply fascinated me—I was always interested in geometry, and especially in the artistic possibilities of the figures. The hat was hexagonal in shape with two antenna-like decorations in front and a peculiarly designed veil behind. The veil was a continuation of devils holding each other up. I do not know whether the veil came across the front or not. Henrietta thought perhaps the hat might be significant of the struggle of the ethereal and the devil in woman.

I bought a very attractive, though rather extreme, hat with an upside-down fountain of cellophane trimmings which pours onto my left shoulder. But Henrietta says she will change the ornament to the other side since my profile is better seen from the left.

In the afternoon Henrietta worked a bit and I stepped over to Lucy's. She was knitting a sweater suit for her little grandson, Jackie,

who is walking now, and is probably the most intelligent child in the world today. Lucy really causes me great concern. She was such a lively girl—too lively to jell into such a prig. But up she popped today with a lecture to me, of all people, on the proprieties that all *old* people must observe. Of course, I forgave her every word she said and even acquiesced in order not to upset her. But I was terribly shocked. I had never noticed how completely antiquated she was.

Henrietta and I went out to dinner with a young gentleman, and went to his apartment afterward for cocktails. A number of his friends dropped in and we made quite a party of it—ending with Italian spaghetti and cheese. The young man (I really cannot recall his name) produced a bottle of very old brandy—made by his grandfather years ago—and we drank to “freedom and art.”

My stomach feels a little uncomfortable—probably the lobster. Lobster never agreed with me very well. Perhaps I'd better go to bed.



I Work For Mr. Brown

By Georgia Arnett

THE TAXI drew to a stop in front of the Ritz Hotel. Lee Evans stepped out, pausing on the running board only long enough to express again his regrets to Mildred that Bill was out of town. "I'm expecting him home tomorrow, Lee, but I doubt if he'll get here before you leave. I do wish he could have come in tonight since the conference at Ontario ended today."

"I'll be back in New York in the spring, Mildred, and can probably see him then. I only wish I didn't have to leave tomorrow. This New York spirit has gotten me! I envy you living here all the time."

The taxi driver cast a significant glance at Evans as he nodded goodbye and turned to enter the hotel, nodded again at some men standing under the awning, and entered. The lobby was vacant except for two or three night clerks and Evans' colleague, Brown. Evans listened as Mr. Brown told the clerk not to wake him until nine in the morning, waited his turn and inquired whether he had had any calls, then gave the elevator boy a shake and went up to his room—laughing inside at old Mr. Brown—"He has nothing to live for except his health. During this whole convention he has kept minutely regular hours, chosen his food with singular accuracy as to the number of calories, and given each bite its full share of thirty-two chews."

Evans' suite was cluttered with shirts, shoes, and ties; for he was on a vacation and was rebelling against the orderliness that Lydia, his wife, forced upon him at home. The idea of maintaining constantly the pose of the president of a large insurance company bored him. He picked up a red and blue tie, fingering its fraying edges carefully and musing, "Lydia will be glad to see that this is wearing out. I'll never forget the first time I wore it; she seemed appalled by its flashy colors, and even at a distance she sensed its cheap texture. That was a year ago—in the days when I could pick up a thing or two just because I liked its meaning or its color scheme. Never again. Now I am totally, at least bodily, the essence of class" . . . he lingered on the broad a.

Still musing Evans began to undress, slinging his collar in one direction and his shirt in another. He would get out of that horrible stiff front and then begin packing his clothes for his return to Memphis, Lydia, and primness. "Damn this society! I want to be free from all this putting on—all this sham and hypocrisy. Damn this . . ."

He was interrupted by the telephone. His "hello" was angry and harsh. "Yes, I'll speak to her." "Why, Mildred, I didn't recognize you. Is anything wrong? . . . Well, when did he get here? . . . Oh, of course, I'd love to come over; I'll dress right away. Tell the chauffeur I can be ready by the time he gets here."

So Bill was back; Evans could have a final fling with his old schoolmate. He rubbed his eyes, grabbed his blue serge suit and a white shirt. These would set off properly his red and blue tie. After plastering his hair carefully and dusting his shoes, he was off for Bill's apartment.

The chauffeur was waiting in front of the hotel. "Home, James," Evans shouted with vigor.

The chauffeur eyed him with curiosity. "Paul is the name."

"I guess I got my saints mixed," chuckled Evans, wishing that Joseph, the good-natured old negro was still chauffeuring for Bill. The ride through the city was boring; he could not jest familiarly with Paul. Paul's half-white blood seemed to have gone to his head.

The elevator boy was waiting to take Lee Evans up to the apartment as soon as he arrived. The elevator jerked to a standstill, and he was directed to apartment 406. He was met at the door by a sleek, bejeweled blonde, who informed him that Mildred and Bill had gone down to the delicatessen to select some choice dainties for the party, but would be back in a few minutes.

Evans entered the apartment quickly. He observed its costly furnishings and its *nouveau riche* atmosphere. He was a little disgusted that Bill had shown so little taste in choosing his rugs and draperies. Bill had written such enthusiastic

letters about his new home; Evans was provoked with him for having made it look so much like what he would have termed "Lydia's dream house." He was so intent upon the room that he paid little attention to the introductions. It seemed that Mildred had planned a party. She must have frowned at the idea of spending the evening listening to the reminiscent prattle of schoolhood pals. Several of her friends had been invited—the temporary hostess, her husband and two other rather likable chaps had already arrived. The lady started the conversation. "You know, I don't know what we would do without Mildred and Bill here in New York. They are such congenial people and can throw the finest parties I ever attended. We never get tired of coming over here; their parties are such grand successes."

"Yes," acquiesced Evans. "I remember Bill used always to be the life of the parties at school"—then he added with a snicker, "though he never took a correspondence course in how to play the piano."

"Then you went to school with Bill?" queried one of the men.

"You bet I did—went with him and got shipped with him for playing Romeo to some Juliets on the other side of the campus. We got our clothes all packed and had planned to explore the West by thumb before we were informed that we could be reinstated for the nominal sum of a note from home."

"Well, Mr. Lee, you must have been a puzzle to the authorities in your day," one of the men seated by the window remarked. "At school we all had to be regular sissies except during initiation week, but that was one week we ran wild."

And so the conversation continued in this light vein for fifteen or twenty minutes. Evans, though apparently engrossed in the discourse, noticed the awkward and nervous way his entertainers manipulated their words—he noticed they were calling him Mr. Lee—he noticed that it was far past time for Bill and Mildred to be home. He kept telling himself that he should not have left the hotel without telling the night clerk where he was going.

Another five minutes passed—still no Bill or

Mildred. He was in a strange apartment among strange people. There was something singularly peculiar about it all. He interrupted the conversation to ask if he might use the telephone; he intended to call the hotel. The lady told him he would find it in the room to the left.

Evans opened the door to enter the room. Before he could register surprise that he was about to enter the bathroom, a rough hand grabbed him, dashed him to the floor, and another hand pointed a pistol in his face. He looked up and found himself surrounded by four men. One of them spoke, "All right, Mr. Lee, we know you're wealthy; we saw you stop at the hotel tonight. You're a man of some importance or you wouldn't be staying there during the convention. The business world might have a hard time getting along without you; so just write us out a check for a hundred grand, and we'll return you quietly in time for you to catch your train in the morning."

In the business world Evans was recognized as a business man, but had he followed his greatest inclination, he would have been an actor. The situation baffled him at first, but Evans' experience with the obstinate directors of the insurance company had made him a past master at handling situations. Still, this was the most unusual he had contacted. What was to be done? Well, he would try his hand at his old hobby, acting.

He snickered. "Listen here, fellows, you've got me wrong. It's my boss you want, not me."

"Cut the acting. We're too wise for you to pull a stunt like that over on us. We don't want to make any trouble for you; so don't make us have to," sneered the man with the gun.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment and all that. I'm sorry I can't live up to your expectation, but I just don't happen to be the man you're after. I'm a Mr. Brown's chauffeur, and," he added, "if you don't believe me, call Mr. Brown at the Ritz Hotel and ask him." Evans knew that no one would dare oust Brown from his bed at that time of night.

The kidnappers nodded at one another; the one nearest the door left to make the call. He returned, obviously becoming somewhat mysti-

fied, to repeat that Brown was registered at the Ritz, but that the clerk had told him that under no conditions was he to ring the room.

Evans, half pleading, half questioning, said only, "Well?"

He was answered by a poke in the ribs and a rejoinder from the man with the gun. "We were not after any other Mr. Lee. Do you think we'd stand here and look at that expensive suit and believe you're a chauffeur. We know when we have our man."

Evans laughed. "And do you think that a man as wealthy as my boss would wear a suit more than a couple of months? Why, Mr. Brown's a good fellow; he always gives me his clothes as soon as he tires of them—and it doesn't take a man of his character long to tire of anything."

The men were silent for a minute. They looked at each other with nods and winks. One broke the silence. "A mighty plausible tale—tell it to a sucker. We're after your dough, and we intend to get it. Tim, search him."

Tim carefully tore into Evans' every pocket, but found not a cent, not even a wallet for identification. Those were in his tuxedo in the hotel; he had not had time to put them in his pockets before leaving the hotel. Tim thundered in disgust, "Write us out a check—don't make any excuses, and you will be much healthier in the morning."

"Well," replied Evans. "I'll do that for you gladly."

Tim produced several checkbooks and inquired what bank the draft should be made on. "Any of them. My check is just as good at one bank as another. I haven't any money in any of them."

In the meantime, the most grimly serious of the men had been fingering Evans' tie. He called the attention of the other men to it. "Cheap—cheap." He puckered his nose.

One after the other they inspected the tie with microscopic scrutiny. "No man of means would be wearing a tie like that. He must be telling the truth," ventured one.

"Well, what are you going to do? Stand there like a ninny and let someone pull an act over on us?" Tim queried.

"Act or no act, this is a devil of a fix."

"Yeah, we may be green at this game, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let a foolish tie convince me that we've got the wrong man."

"Huh! Independent, aren't you?"

"Well, Mr. Lee, you're trying to make a fine bunch of suckers out of us. This would be a snap of a tale to tell to our grandchildren—a hundred grand turned down all because these nincompoops were deceived into thinking they got the wrong man." There was a distinct note of sarcasm in Tim's voice.

Evans started to say something, but the lady had joined the group and hysterically blurted forth, "What are we going to do? What the devil are we going to do?"

It may have been a feeling of the security of being armed that prompted the man who was still covering Evans with the gun to reply, "Calm yourself, dearie. This can't be all that bad. All we have to do is get rid of this man, Lee. He hasn't got any money. A wealthy man just isn't going to wear a tie like that, not to a big party."

The grimly serious man acquiesced and the others except for Tim followed suit. Outweighed seven to one, Tim retired to the parlor.

"I still want to know what we're going to do," ventured the lady. "If we gag him and leave him here the owner of the apartment house will be on our trail; if we let him go he'll have the police after us; if we shoot him we'll have murder on our hands and a body to dispose of." By this time her words were becoming a series of wails.

"Get up," said the man with the gun, with a prod that bruised Evans' spine. Then he turned to the others. "There's not but one thing to do—get rid of this man as soon and as quickly as possible. There isn't going to be any blood, and we aren't going to get caught." He led the way to the door of the apartment.

They took Evans down in the elevator, hoisted him into the car and drove by a devious path to a back alley and left him with orders to walk straight in the other direction and not look back until they got away.

Evans obeyed and as soon as he had turned the corner, he hailed a taxi for the Ritz Hotel. There he notified the hotel detective, and a searching party was sent to find the kidnappers. They located the apartment where he had been held and found it in the usual condition of a

furnished apartment for rent. They had no inkling for pursuing the case farther.

Evans returned to his suite and finished packing by dashing tousled bundles into his suitcase. The nerve tension of the past hour or so had set his muscles twitching. He kept trying to convince himself it had been fun, but the unmistakable fear he had been trying to cover up rushed upon him in reflection. It was a consoling thought that tomorrow he would return to that order and primness which was Lydia.

CONSOLATION

*Oh, be not fretful at the want,
Sweet lad and gentle, loving girl,
Of time to memorize each pearl*

*Of life or beauty . . . It will pass
Swift as an image o'er the glass
And vanish, but return to haunt*

*Some idle after-hour, unknown,
Unrecognized for what it was;
And like some great but vanquished cause*

*That though it did not win the whole,
Yet left its imprint on the soul,
Will comfort, will not leave thee lone.*

REBECCA PRICE.

The Proletarian Drama

By Marie Sette

“LITERATURE,” wrote Walt Whitman—and he wrote with an eye for the future—“is big only in one way, when used as an aid to the growth of humanity.” With the deepening attachment of American drama to native conditions, it is inevitable that Whitman’s statement should find fulfillment in the growth of a proletarian theater. Our drama in the past was characterized by a religious adherence to bourgeois tradition—aloofness, lack of cultural contacts and extreme sentimentality. Our drama of the present is characterized by an Herculean aim—to create a new national culture by and for the working class, to reorganize society by combining art with propaganda in such an ardent fashion that the idea becomes not only a creed for the author and the characters, but for the reader and audience as well.

In 1931, when the drama first gave symptoms of social implications, Michael Gold, imbued with proletarian zeal, imparted to a group of young workers this bit of advice: “Our workers’ theaters must create their own culture out of the conditions they will themselves create.” He urged them to penetrate deeply into the life of the workers, to learn to portray that life clearly and truthfully, and, above all, to avoid the old bourgeois themes of personal love and hate. Whether Michael Gold’s message became universal or not, the contemporary drama is indeed more directly a reflection of life than any other form of art. The contemporary drama is tangible proof that the civilization of America has emerged into a creative art of its own; that the civilization of America has at last declared its independence from the age-old literary traditions inherited from England; that the civilization of America is no longer a transitory abstraction but an established unity to be found in the new art formulated by the proletarian drama.

The success of this new art depends largely on what is said about the modern social order and how it is said. The technique and the form must be the writer’s tools for interpreting the conflict which arises from the world we live in. The proletarian playwright is trained in realism.

He leaves the art of illusion to the romantic bourgeois. With his tools, technique and form, the proletarian attacks the evils from which the workers suffer—lynching, legal discrimination, wage cuts, unemployment, deportation, race prejudice, and all unjust oppression. The characters he places in a social order which disillusiones and thwarts them, which starves and tortures them, and which drives them to destruction by the forces of a system over which they have no control and which cares nothing for their welfare.

Because the ambition of the proletarian drama is to create a new social order, it is not divided in its purpose. It functions as a whole unit—a powerfully knit unit. It means to shape the life of America socially, politically, and individually. What people believe or think of the proletarian policy in drama is of supreme unconcern to its advocates. They move as free lances, their own agents, their own critics. Their one desire is that the social themes found in their drama will be as important to an appreciation of the play as the action which takes place. If they can successfully combine these two factors, then they are certain to arouse the interest of their public toward ameliorating the conditions implied by the plays.

Playwrights like Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, John Howard Lawson, Clifford Odets, Sidney Kingsley and others are writing socially minded plays—plays which focus upon the extraordinary troubles of our economic system (more sharply evident, no doubt, since the depression). But this question arises. Are the works of proletarian dramatists propaganda or art? Are they both? The radical group contends that the highest art is produced only when the artist imposes upon his work the stringent forms of propaganda. If there is no propaganda, there is no art. The classics argue that the artist must be free in the choice and in the treatment of the material. There can be no art which is so completely propaganda.

The distinction between art and propaganda, however, is inherent in the artist at the moment

of the conception of the play, at which time the driving force is either a sense of beauty or a sense of wrong that must be made manifest. It remains for the truly great proletarian dramatist (whose instinctive form is protest) to show that beauty is justice and to persuade his public that his works are works of art and beauty. If, on the other hand, he touches upon America's sores and the opposition becomes clamorously indignant, then he knows himself to be a vital playwright and cares naught for the outcries and the din.

It is to be remembered, however, that writers who sought to fictionize specific instances of injustice (the Sacco-Vanzetti case in *Gods of the Lightning*, the Scottsboro case, the Tom Mooney case) were not always successful in producing either an effective weapon or an effective work of art. These writers allowed their play to grow out of events rather than humanity. Inspired by their own vehement resentment against what they thought a miscarriage of justice, they made their work their catharsis. Consequently, failing to seek deeper implications in their characters, they present their characters as ideals rather than their ideals as characters.

And for this reason *Success Play* by Lawson, a drama with a social theme, is not a great proletarian achievement. It starts out well in the first act, but it loses both force and conviction in the last two acts. As long as Lawson wrote in terms of the writer alone with his characters, the play had a social theme. His characters were the medium through which he was transmitting class implications. But he allows himself to be swayed by the situation itself; and he drifts, forgetting his characters, into merely writing about something.

We, the People suffers sporadically from the same malady. Like Lawson, Rice attempts to drive his point home not through his nice school-teacher and her bank clerk sweetheart, but through calculated propaganda. *Precedent* by I. J. Golden and *Gods of the Lightning* by Harold Hickerson and Maxwell Anderson are both plays dealing with social injustice, and both are guilty of the same fault. *Gods of the Lightning* is an angry, deeply offended protest made by two excited journalistic playwrights. It is a protest against the decision made in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Truly a noble-hearted venture, but definitely and pointedly a propaganda play. It is written with too much subjectiveness, too much

realism, and too much of anything is inartistic. A proletarian writer may write what he will about race prejudice and discrimination, but his protests must be veiled in subtlety — they must avoid any formula which is not inherent in the American mind.

To be successful, convincing, and inoffensive, the proletarian playwright conforms, therefore, to poetic realism, to style, and to formal pattern. He is approaching the social theme through impressionism. O'Neill started the movement when he wrote *The Hairy Ape* by resorting to symbolism. Rice, Anderson and Lawson saw the merit of symbolism and wrote, respectively, *Adding Machine*, *Winterset* and *Processional*. Their impressionistic style, carrying art as well as propaganda, overcomes American resistance to propaganda. For Americans, believe it, are romantic idealists with a reverence for fair play. And since these stylized plays achieve "fairness" by not naming realities, by making of them formalized concepts, the American public suffers no outraged feeling, and allows the playwright to satirize playfully the "high hat" of capitalism.

When Anderson wrote *Gods of the Lightning*, he was young and impressionable. The play was a failure. He did not grow discouraged. He studied and thought and pondered until from out of his seething mental volcano there was born *Winterset*, Anderson's answer to the question — To whom can the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti matter now? Social injustice, he points out, wreaks its final vengeance upon the judge who fears he has made a misconviction and loses his mind, upon the victim's son who has no home, no friends — who is alone with only his hatred of society. Anderson's tone is softly poetic, yet triumphantly ironic. No longer bitter, he grows philosophical and writes instead of a scathing tirade, an exciting story of fate.

Both Elmer Rice and John Howard Lawson are dramatists with a Broadway background. Both are also staunch advocates of the proletarian motif. Yet both manifest symptoms of what happens to the bourgeois writer when he becomes proletarian in sympathy. There is lacking in their work the true spirit of the worker — the true purpose. Their repeated attempts seem to prove but one thing — that only those writers brought up in the proletarian tradition can achieve significance in this movement toward the left. The plays of Rice and Lawson are good

plays, but they cannot compare with George Sklar and Paul Peter's *Stevedore* or with John Wexley's *They Shall Not Die* (built up around the Scottsboro case) in dramatic significance or social challenge. These latter writers strengthened the foundations already laid by Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, and Em Jo Basshe for the proletarian drama. America claims in addition to these charter members and those already mentioned, Albert Matz, Clifford Odets, Sidney Kingsley, Paul Sefton, and Francis Faragah.

Black Pit and *Peace on Earth* by Albert Matz are of vital social concern. *Black Pit* reveals the tragedy of labor conditions among West Virginia coal miners. Clifford Odets reproduces in *Awake and Sing* a story of the horrible poor, a family living in a Bronx flat who never have so much as a spare orange on the table. In *Waiting for Lefty* there is a lyrical proclamation of the proletarian revolution. Fatt, the union leader, shifts imperceptibly into a symbol of the capitalist order. Poor Lefty (who never appears, but

whose murder is announced at the end) is a symbol of the moderate Left Wing. The fierce shouts of "Strike! Strike! Strike!" on which the curtain falls refer to no mere cab driver's revolt.

Dead End, Kingsley's proletarian masterpiece, whose theme like *Winterset* is social injustice, contains a bold, free attack on society. It is full of resentment and pity, full of excitement and strong undercurrents. Although the theme is not a new one, Kingsley makes it new by pitting a crowd of effervescent, keen-witted youngsters hungry for life, against the immovable forces of social slavery, ill health, bad food, and damp rooms.

The vigor of the proletarian drama is unmistakable. It offers hope for the future. It will be a long, difficult process, perhaps, and the very existence of art may at times be in grave danger. We can, nevertheless, at least be proud of the progress already made in what Granville Hicks chooses to call "The Great Tradition."



Charcoal by SUSAN BARKSDALE

Edward Albert Filene

By Jane Gillett

ONE DAY when I was very small, my mother took me down town during the rush hour—a very unusual circumstance indeed, as she tried not to take me anywhere in crowded street cars. I have no idea whether I held on to Mother's hand while she held a strap, or whether I sat on her lap. I only remember that a kind, elderly gentleman began talking to me. When we stepped out of the subway into Boston's shopping district, he walked with me. While we walked to the store, he asked me if I would like a doll.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I have so many dolls!"

"Too many dolls? I thought little girls never had enough of them."

"Oh, I would like another doll, but I have no place to put one. Whenever Eleanor (that's my biggest doll) has a tea party, one of my dollies has to sit on the floor. I need a chair much more."

The gentleman gave Mother his card and asked permission to send me a chair. Of course, she said "Yes," expecting that I would soon have another small piece of toy furniture. When it arrived, however, it was a brown wicker rocker, with real springs, and tapestry upholstery—a chair which I have been using ever since, a chair which, with a satin puff, two blankets, and a small bronze horse, is all of my hope chest.

As a result of this chance meeting on the car, I became one of the many children who enjoyed the companionship of Mr. Edward Albert Filene—one of the children whose company Mr. Filene enjoyed. For the affection which he lavished upon little children was remarkable. As he was a bachelor, he expressed it by giving toys to children whom he met in the Boston store of which he was president. There was always in his office a closet full of dolls for little girls whose acquaintance he made during his frequent rounds of inspection.

Mr. Filene enjoyed telling about his experience with one little girl whom he had brought into his office. She was evidently thoroughly familiar with her mother's method of shopping.

Mr. Filene gave her a large doll at which she gazed contentedly. Her mother found it necessary to ask, "What do you say to the nice man, dear?" With complete *savoir faire*, she answered, "Charge it, please."

It is natural that a man as busy as Mr. Filene would find scant time to visit with his young friends throughout the year; so it became customary for him to see more of them at Christmas time. Every Christmas for the last four or five years of his life, he gave a children's party. Adults were allowed only when they could prove ownership of one of the guests. The party was for the younger generation, and they loved it. There was always entertainment of some sort. One year a one-man marionette show produced "Jack and the Beanstalk;" the following Christmas a lovable clown with a very red nose presided over the party; for many minutes on another occasion, fifty pairs of eyes were riveted on a magician in a vain attempt to discover where the rabbits in the silk hat really came from. Even presents were an anti-climax after such hilarity, but there were always presents—nice, noisy ones to play with then, games to be enjoyed later in the year. I remember looking forward to the event for several months. When I moved to Washington, I was lost on Christmas day. I could not help feeling that I should be at "Uncle Eddie's" party.

In spite of these vivid holiday memories, however, it is primarily of the library that I think in connection with Mr. Filene. It was an attractive room on the second floor of his narrow Back Bay house. Huge bay windows, flanked by tuneful canaries, overlooked the Charles river, the Esplanade, the imposing classical buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the shell where the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives concerts during the summer months. One wall of the room was occupied by a spacious fireplace, in which a coal fire was always ablaze throughout the winter. Comfortable chairs and a sofa facing the fireplace kept that part of the room the center of interest. The opposite wall was lined with books of all sizes, shapes, colors, and subjects. There

were classics; there were books about business (some by Mr. Filene); there were biographies, memoirs, volumes dealing with the social sciences, and thin, leather-bound books in French and German. All of these were neatly catalogued, for Mr. Filene was as efficient in his private life as he was in business.

From the days when I perched on Mr. Filene's knee to those when I returned, a high school graduate, for what proved to be our last visit together, I spent many, many hours in the library. And in this setting I can still see Mr. Filene clearly: a short, round man of dignified bearing with a beautiful head, gray hair, and rimless glasses which pinched his nose. Occasionally he smoked a tiny cigar; usually he puffed at one of his pipes, a collection of which occupied one corner of the library. Such was Mr. Filene. He changed little in appearance from the time that I first saw him to his death at the age of seventy-four.

During the years that I knew Mr. Filene, I did not realize how truly remarkable he was. More perhaps than any man of his age, certainly more than anyone I know, he possessed the power of self-analysis and self-criticism. His ability to rise above the foibles of human nature, the limitations of his ego, and to view himself objectively set him apart from the people by whom he was surrounded.

Yet this quality did not prevent many friendships with people of all ages and classes. He had an acquaintance whose scope was remarkable for a man not a public figure. His varied interests drew to him many types of people. Anyone who had a creative effort to offer, from a piece of sculpture to a new idea, was welcome at his home. He particularly admired writers, and he encouraged me to develop any talent which I might have inherited in that field from my mother. When I wrote my first story, "How Pigs Got Curly Tails," he had it submitted to a children's program on the radio. It became my first "published" work. An author himself, Mr. Filene sympathized with my distress when I discovered that the product of such long and arduous labor could be read in only a few moments.

Even though I was only about eight when I began visiting Mr. Filene, I cannot remember a time when he did not talk to me about politics and economics. They were his greatest interests.

I shall never forget some of his favorite sayings applied to these fields. "Mass production means mass distribution;" "not over-production, but under-consumption causes depressions;" "enlightened selfishness should force business men to raise wages, lower hours, and so insure the buying power of the masses." These ideas have become an integral part of my philosophy. For so many years I heard that greater distribution was the way to solve business difficulties that I no longer question it; I accept it as wisdom because I heard it from a wise man. I know that Mr. Filene wanted to extend the purchasing power of the masses. He spent his life trying to reduce the cost of distribution because he felt that it was unreasonably high.

One experiment which was designed to further that end made Mr. Filene a pioneer in merchandising. It was the "basement store." At the present time such bargain counters seem a necessary fixture in a retail store, yet they are a fairly recent innovation. When Mr. Filene started the first one, its purpose was the quick sale of odd lots from upstairs and from other specialty shops. In order to effect that, first prices were made low, and the automatic markdown was established. The management of this department interested him more than any other part of the business. He hoped that it would revolutionize merchandising.

Mr. Filene, however, did not expect the basement store to do all the work of readjusting our economic system. He has "fathered" other movements in this country which would tend to free the consumer from the power of the business man. For this reason, he supported credit unions, established the Twentieth Century Fund, which investigates causes of business distress; and, more recently, he financed a large-scale marketing co-operative.

In spite of many proofs of generosity of which the wicker chair was only a beginning, his gifts to me were never the basis of my friendship with Mr. Filene. Far more important is the economic doctrine which he taught me, the unusual character and ability with which I had the good fortune to come in close contact. Most lasting of all in my memory is the motto which was printed on his book plate. It was a concrete expression of his personal religion:

"If work is for the common weal,
Then work is worship, work is prayer."

SONNET

*In times of stress you may in him discern
 No shrinking sickness cringing in the mind,
 No fear of pain like that which one may find
 In those who must endure but cannot learn.
 His tongue with imprecations does not burn
 Against a higher power he thinks unkind.
 The fickleness of fate is not maligned
 By one who is indifferent to her turn.
 He lives as unresponsive as a stone
 Which centuries have cooled from laval fire
 And cast upon a hillside impotent,
 Inglorious in its strength; and he, alone,
 Remains inviolate, without desire,
 Strong in a weakness which will not relent.*

SHEILA CORLEY.

SONNET

*This year the bells that ring the new year in
 Will ring no truer than the last. The snow
 Will fall no softer down. Yet to begin
 A year with you will still transform them so.
 The night will drip with starlight and the air
 Be fresh and sweet to breathe, the wine more
 sweet,
 The very world newborn, and so more fair,
 When we, who love it and each other, meet.
 Since last we met three months have come and
 gone,
 And summer turned to winter. Every thing
 Has changed; each bird has fluttered and flown
 on;
 But our two hearts have constant lain, and sing.
 And so for you and me, the bells this year
 Will sound with special sweetness, and more
 clear.*

LOUETTE GLASER.

A Miracle

By Frankie Northcott

OLD DAVE had been standing there a long time gazing from one green box to the other, one labeled "U. S. Mail," the other asking the public firmly to keep the streets clean.

Suddenly he strode forward; then he hesitated another brief second. Finally, with a shaking hand, he thrust a letter through the flap of the trash can. Turning swiftly, he walked down the street. Once he paused, brushed a hand across his anxious eyes. He looked back. Two girls stood at the trash can. They were laughing.

What was that they were saying?

"Poor old man. He didn't know the mail box from the trash can."

Well, let them think that if they wanted to. What difference could it make?

He hurried on. He knew all right! Firmly he marched as though he had gained strength from a great decision, one that had called forth all the powers of mind and heart, with the heart supremely involved. His faded blue eyes glistened with unshed tears. His lips were pressed into a quivering line. His old body was rigid in the worn blue overalls.

He did not notice the people on the street. Other times he had stood on corners and watched their faces, wondered about them—their troubles, their joys, their hopes. But today was different. Old Dave was different. The world was different. Today Dave had broken a promise to a dying woman. Today he had done something he might regret the rest of his life. The rest of his life? Well, that would not be long. It could not be, now that Sarah was going. Going? She might be gone.

With fairly running steps he reached the battered Ford and climbed in. It did not matter that the ragged, dirty small boy at the curb yelled, "Rattle, Lizzie, rattle," or that the prim little man, reading his paper as he walked to work, shuddered and placed a well-kept hand over one ear. Other days old Dave would have glared back defiantly, but today—was different.

He rode along for slightly more than twelve

miles, his face lined with grief and worry, a low groan escaping his lips at intervals. And, as the winter afternoon was fading into a deeper gray, he turned up the drive that led to the old house in the grove of bare maples.

Old Jeff came forth to meet him, his long ears flapping, his tail wagging slowly; but at Dave's glare he omitted his customary bark. Even Jeff knew that today was not like other days, that this was the day the world should end, that it had already ended for his master.

Dave shuffled rapidly to the house. All his life he had prided himself on his honesty, and now he was going to lie—not just an ordinary lie, but the kind that one never forgets.

The rasping cough reached him even before he went up the newly mended steps. A sense of relief swept him. She was still alive then. Quickly he threw open the door and walked toward the figure on the bed.

Old grey eyes peered up at him. A silver strand of hair caught and held the firelight. A feeble, anxious voice said: "You—sent—the letter, Dave?" It was more of a statement than a question. He nodded. He could not speak, not with his throat contracting like that. The tired face relaxed into soft lines; the figure settled back.

"She'll be here soon," Sarah said.

Dave nodded again, but remained silent. He looked at the stocky woman standing there. His eyes asked a question.

"About the same," Jane said, glancing pityingly toward the bed; "she says she'll hold out till Martha comes."

The old man groaned, covered his face with his hands, and stumbled from the room. What horrible thing had he done? But it was best! It must be.

At last he was himself again, calm and quiet. He went to the kitchen, mixed meal and water with his rough, brown hands and carried it to the chicken lot. As he opened the creaking gate, the hens came fluttering to him. They had not been fed since early that morning. He scattered

the soft white mixture over the frozen ground and went to the coop which held the little chicks. He spread a piece of canvas over it and weighted the canvas down with two pieces of board.

Twilight had turned into night when he started back to the house. It was clear and cold. Old Dave pulled his shabby coat more closely about him, blew on his fingers where they showed through the holes in the gloves. White moonlight flooded the yard and the long strip of road in front of the house. Everything was bathed in the pale glow, and a frosty moon hung just above the sweet gum by the well. Beside the old grindstone, he could see a rosebush etched against the white light—Sarah's rosebush. Next spring its bareness would turn to green freshness, and the red buds would burst forth gloriously into roses. But Sarah would not be there to exclaim. Sarah would not be there to tend it with loving hands. Sarah's worn body would be in the ground, dead as the rosebush was now. Yes, but Sarah's soul—her soul would be as the rosebush would be next spring—fresh, pure, beautiful.

Through the long night they sat there, Dave and the neighbor woman, expecting each hollow cough to be the last. But Sarah was holding on for something. "Martha," she would call at intervals, and the old man's face would twist with pain in the flickering firelight. Jane sat across from him, blinking at the fire. She nodded now and then, her head slowly sinking to her shoulder, her work-hardened hands folded placidly against her blue gingham apron. Life would go on for Jane.

Dave dropped his head in his hands. He had done the best he knew. The doctor had said Sarah could not live till morning. There was no need to mail the letter, no need to telegraph or call. Martha could not get here soon enough. And it was useless to spoil her wedding trip. He and Sarah had burdened Martha too much with themselves anyway. After all, she was only their grandchild, and even if they had reared her from a long-legged girl of twelve to a lovely woman of twenty, they had no right to ruin the greatest happiness she had ever known, especially when it could do no good.

But if she were only here! If he could only have someone to comfort him, to help him bear

this burden! If there were only someone to fill the void that Sarah was leaving, to help him through it all! And had he done right? Should he have mailed the letter?

All night he tortured himself with his doubts and fears, while Sarah lay there struggling for life.

The doctor came the next morning, looked startled at seeing the woman still alive. He shook his head. "Can't understand it."

"Doc, I'm going to call Martha." Old Dave's face was haggard.

The doctor shook his head again. "I don't know—I don't know—"

The doctor left, and Dave got his hat and coat. Sarah's eyes followed him. "Where?" they asked. He went over and picked up one of the thin white hands. "I'll be back soon."

She shook her head. Her lips framed the words, but no sound came. "You can't go. Don't go."

He hesitated. No, he could not go. He could not leave her now. Jane could not drive the car, and the doctor had gone. There was no way to send a message now. If only he had mailed that letter! Martha would be on her way home!

Morning wore into afternoon, and afternoon into twilight, and still the sick woman continued to breathe. Every once in a while she would rouse herself. "Martha hasn't come yet?" Dave would shake his head, drop it again into his hands.

It was almost dark. Suddenly he heard the purr of an engine and the squeal of brakes. Old Jeff was running down the lane, uttering sharp, excited barks. Dave remained still. It did not matter who it was. Nothing mattered now. Jane was rushing in from the kitchen.

"Martha's here," she breathed thankfully, breathlessly. "That's their car."

Dave groaned. Of course it was not Martha.

But the car was coming on up the drive, stopping in front of the house. A young girl was getting out, rushing into the house, kneeling beside the bed.

It was Martha.

Sarah's face was happy, contented as the girl gathered her into her arms. She had known Martha would come, her looks seemed to say. She had known, and she had waited. Two hours later she was dead, a peaceful smile on her wrinkled face.

Dave was out by the well, gazing upward, tears streaming down his cheeks. Martha had got the letter, she said. She had got it, and yet he had not mailed it. It was a miracle sent from Heaven. It could be nothing else.

For a minute he relived the scene—the two green boxes—the girls laughing. The two girls? But, no, it was a miracle. A miracle had been

performed just for him and Sarah.

In the city, two girls sat in a small, ugly room. One sat by the window and gazed into the clear night.

"It's a beautiful night," she said; "makes you feel pure and good inside, as though you had done something for somebody."

"Sentimental," the other laughed, "you did your good deed for today. But it would be funny if the old man meant to put that letter in the trash can. You might have done something terrible by taking it out and putting it in the mail box, you know."



LANDSCAPE—*Chalk* by VIRGINIA ROGERS

CORADDI

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Over The Editor's Shoulder

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

A GAIN the world awaits the appearance of the star of Bethlehem. Again Christmas carols are being sung. Again churches and Sunday schools are reiterating Biblical quotations about the coming of Jesus.

The Christmas season is upon us, but it has become encrusted with superficial glamor. Ten

cent stores are crowded with children purchasing small gifts for their friends and eyeing tin soldiers with gleeful dreams of Santa Claus; city streets are aglow with red and green lights and holly wreaths; suburban homes are vying with each other for the most gorgeous displays. The country has donned a pseudo-prosperous aspect.

Since salesmanship has become a dominating force in the world, Christmas follows before its onslaught. It is a time of the year for families to skimp their earnings and stretch their savings to buy, buy, buy—buy presents for their

friends, buy trees and decorations for their homes, buy toys and candles for their children. Store owners, with their tongues in their cheeks, seek to display attractively their goods to encourage customers; industrialists smile as they increase their output knowing that for one brief month they will find millions of ready consumers. It is again the controlling force of society, these business enterprisers, who reap the benefit of the occasional demand; it is they who have encouraged the false glamor that the Christmas season has acquired; it is they who are encouraging the money-seeking tendencies of organized Christianity.

Our thoughts of Jesus come spasmodically when we enter a candle bedecked church or when we cautiously fasten a star at the top of our Christmas tree. Sentimental thoughts they are, thoughts of a babe cooing at wise men, of a great teacher who from childhood was pure and kind, of a lofty thinker who brought forth great ideas only to be crucified between thieves. Perhaps we shed a tear for a great soul unrecognized in his day and thank God that a few brave souls have saved for us his gospel and spread it throughout the world.

Sentimental likewise are our thoughts about that gospel, its essence embodied in love, peace, and good will. Yet when we look at the Christian nations today, we see deadly imperialistic conflicts, greedy rivalries and fighting jealousies. We do not see brotherhood of peoples; we see racial and national rivalries that keep the world constantly in turmoil. We do not see aiding of the oppressed in any effective way; we see ridicule if not downright persecution of those who would change our institutions with the genuine spirit of "Christianity." We do not see peace; we see war in Spain, militaristic dictatorship in Germany and Italy, and huge preparations for war on all sides.

These situations seem to indicate that not only Christmas, but Christianity itself, as currently interpreted, has become commercialized. Christianity has been made a means of subjecting the working classes with promises of a great future in the world beyond. Men who claim to be the "brains" of industry draw inordinate incomes—even in multi-millionaire proportions if they are so fortunate as to have industry quickened by a war—while the brains of many a

worker atrophy above his toiling hands. Yet, the suggestion of real brotherhood of man, equal opportunities (not in the true Jeffersonian sense), more than mere pity and charity for the less fortunate brings forth roaring condemnations.

Nor has peace been the consistent objective of Christianity as humanly expressed. Instead, Christianity has been used as a major justification of imperialism. Rationalization of apologists for money-mad men when the clamor for territory regained its vigor in the late nineteenth century made the New Imperialism appear to be an effort to "Christianize" backward peoples and to give them new governments. African natives have been converted to Christianity amid the wildest atrocities. China and Japan were awakened from over two thousand years of peace when the Western nations undertook to open them for trade and at the same time, ironically enough, to give them a new religion! Conditions in these so-called backward counties were bad before, yes; but has the march of "Onward Christian Soldiers" brought them a relief from poverty and suffering? No! Instead it has substituted exploitation for the old eking out of existence, bombs and firearms for petty savage warfare in Africa, and brutal war for peace in the Orient.

It was not the purpose of Christianity to spread war. The church, spiritually, is for peace, the same peace that is on the tongue of every sane person. The mere entering of a church gives us a feeling of quiet calm; for years, except in war time, it has been the champion of the idea that war is wrong. But we cannot reform the world by pointing out its weaknesses. Our economic and national systems are so constituted that war is inevitable. Sentimentality is of no avail. WE KNOW WAR IS WRONG; WE KNEW THAT IN 1914.

It is paradoxical that at this season of the year our eyes turn from the Far Eastern situation, from the threats in Europe, to our own hearths.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

SKETCHES

"Noble Savages"

FIFTY-SEVEN, fifty-eight, fifty-nine Fifty-nine children pranced on the lower steps of the main camp dormitory while the senior counsellor and I counted off the eager troop into four Divisions: group-one girls, group-one boys—the seasoned campers from ten to thirteen; group-two boys, group-two girls—the six to nine-year-olds. In addition there was an Infant Battalion of both sexes (defying classification) whom the house mother insisted, despite their tender years of five and six, and the wary looks of the counsellors in charge, should be allowed to take the over-night hike to the Knob mountain. Yes, the entire camp, omitting those unfortunates declared unfit for service, was off for a holiday, or, in other words, a gala night.

The intern from Kentucky, the cow girl from Montana, and the college girl from North Carolina—the three counsellor-Commanders—reviewed the four Divisions and the Battalion of primed and well-stocked campers. Except for the last group, each child was equipped with a grey army blanket and a heavy sweater strapped around the shoulders. Included in his camp paraphernalia there was usually found a tin plate slipping out one loose side of the shoulder pack, enameled cups and spoons tied to the belts, a pocket knife or a discarded kitchen blade, and, finally, a miscellaneous assortment of strings and fish hooks. In addition, each youngster according to his size and capacity was commissioned the transportation of some part of the night's provisions, ranging from five-gallon milk containers, to a cereal caldron, to a counsellor's coffee pot borne proudly by the youngest of the scouts.

The starting whistle blew, and the campers broke off in a scampering trot toward the road and off beyond to the mountain trail. I gave a searching glance skyward. It was clear, but there was an unmistakable haze gathering in the south. I accounted for this as the usual mist which sometimes will collect at our camp site in the early afternoon. A little group stood on the steps to wave the adventurers good-bye: the director, who was also the mission minister—red-headed and a bit anxious as he peered from out

his clerical collar; the dietitian—fidgeting under a weight of misapprehensions of not having sent enough tomato juice; and the house mother—standing substantially with a copy of *Gone With the Wind* already thumbed in her hand. I waved back to the anchored group on the familiar porch, but I was eager to push onward. The children did not look back, but rather they yelled joyous Indian-cries, like captive savages set free, as they disappeared behind clumps of rhododendron along the way.

During the first lap of the trip to the mountain top, I thought of Rousseau's theory of education, back to Nature for worthwhile teaching. My Nature Study pupils were grabbing at every sort of new leaf on the trail and eating every conceivable kind of mountain berry. The explorers examined the rocks in the path; the quick-growing shrubs they critically noticed; the sky even attracted their eyes, not because it looked ominous, but from curiosity as to how heaven looks from a higher level. How carefree are the thoughts and actions of youth! "Yes, Rousseau's return to Nature theory is very practical," I was thinking.

I thought in spurts just as my sentences were broken with panting. I consistently held a back line position in the mountainous ascent. I stopped, gasped, and proceeded in forward lunges the entire hour's hike. My advance was further hindered by a constant cataract of rocks dashing past me (dislodged by the hikers ahead) as well as by the necessity of capturing fleeing coffee pots and tomato juice cans as they raced down the precipice.

Finally just before dusk and before I expired, we reached the top of the Knob and planted our camp flag squarely in the center of the cleared ground. The space was a flat area about the size of two ordinary dining room tables placed side to side. It was clean and slick from earlier campers, like a waxed oak table top. Each child, out of breath but never admittingly fatigued, gained the summit, and they piled over each other down the immediate slanting sides of the conical top.

While the children played tag, I opened pork and bean cans zealously with a hatchet. Shouting and pushing impatiently, the campers lined up for supper. I surveyed each with maternal inquiry while I flopped a ladle-full of beans in their finger-printed plates and passed the dish

on to Ada, the counsellor cow-girl, to add two slices of bread, some slaw, and a dipper-full of milk to their cups.

From serving I looked up and watched the sky. Floating clouds of burned gold drifted lazily on the horizon reflecting the glory of the setting sun; but the instant the sun fell behind a western mountain top, the clouds lost their brilliance and showed a foreboding greyness. The children in their glee and idealism saw through the grey clouds to the blue beyond; and as, sometime later, they made their blanket beds among the rocks, they sang "Carolina Moon."

At nine o'clock, camp was quiet. The senior counsellor and I were sitting on a blanket by the fire with a pot of boiling coffee near at hand. We were to act as camp sentinels. Every camper and the other counsellor slept. I was quite tired, having heard about fifty-nine prayers in a half hour.

At half past nine it began to rain—not heavily at first, but softly and consistently. Bill, the counsellor, piled wood to the fire with an expression of set defiance stamped on his face. He turned and stared at me! I also stood, and looked dumbly at him. For a half hour we resolutely prayed for the waters to cease falling, and for a half hour we banked wetting wood near the blazes to dry. I thought of the tents we had not brought—we had regarded them as so much heavy baggage—and I wondered if Rousseau were so practical as to have provided them in his plans. In the entire camp there was one piece of waterproof—a poncho. It was about four by six feet, and could at most cover three people.

The children slept on undisturbed except by intermittent sleepy grunts of satisfaction and audible scraps of sentences from chronic sleep talkers. The rain was so light as not to wake these heavy sleepers.

At ten, Bill gave orders to move camp down hill a few yards to where there were some heavy boulders and dense foliage. We lifted babies and beds bodily. Great blobs of fog and heavy mist rushed in waves against our faces. The children began to wake, a few slowly at first; and then like an epidemic, wakefulness swept the entire camp. After moving a wet blanket and its damp occupant down to the trees, we leaned it against a rock, a tree, or another bundle. There wasn't room for orderliness, and the children were

too confused to question or complain. They stayed where we put them; and whimpered like wet "biddies" shivering under a big weed during an April shower. The rain with a rhythm, like a crescendo-staccato movement in music, dropped bursting to the ground.

It continued thus to rain until two, when there was a momentary let up. The Divisions and the Infant Battalion, as though by blind instinct, made their way to the fire which, because of Bill's constant attentions, had not completely gone out. We stretched the blankets on upright sticks to steam, and the campers we held in relays near the fire. Then just as the blankets and the children had each a turn to the fire, it would usually commence raining again; and, with blankets draped about their heads and encasing the whole small figures, they would stumble back to the trees.

From two until four the rain was scattered. After four-thirty a heavy penetrating fog swept in over the mountain and drained from the clouds their rain, reducing the moisture to a moping weight of wet and chill. We spread wet blankets round the camp fire, heated wet sweaters, and burned up little shoes and smutty socks in the confusion. The camp fire smelled of burning leather and scorched wool. The children peacefully fell asleep on one another for warmth. Not a single one cried during the entire time. I believe I came nearer to tears than any one of the campers. I looked on Rousseau's adopted group of "Noble Savages" a bit jealously; I was so sick of Nature in the raw; the children were imbedded in gentle slumber.

Dawn never came, so heavy was the fog; but five-thirty did come, and with it little stomachs began to wake, growl, and call out for food. In the half light I cooked Wheatena in a huge cauldron over a charcoaled, smoking fire. The children dirty, with hair tousled, shoes missing, ripped and buttonless shorts, and hands caked with mud, played tag, sliding in the grass. A few clung together on the farther side of the fire and remained in half-sleep suspension until the cereal and burnt bacon were pronounced ready for eating.

I could picture all the campers falling ill with food poisoning as we made our way down the mountain. I had visions of four Divisions of croupy children and a Battalion of pneumonia patients wending their way campwards. I could

see myself administering castor oil to an endless line of white, coughing children. What I did see was a straggling line of Noble Savages returning crest-fallen to the bounds of civilization.

We all slid down the mountain and reached the camp in singlets, in doublets, and in quartets. I moved in a state of semi-consciousness.

The staff met us at the door in a way much the same as they had sent us off the afternoon before. I resented their matter of fact acceptance of our weakened state. I reached the porch, and some one in a routine fashion led me from there to my bed upstairs. As I went, I fretted about "those wet, sick children." My leader didn't answer. I was bathed, rubbed, and visited by the camp nurse, who was really alarmed at my exhaustion; and I was eased carefully to bed.

From my shroud of hot water bottles and electric heating pads, I heard the dinner bell. It was followed by the shrieks of fifty-nine Noble Savages as they stampeded the dining room for hot soup and the after courses.

SUSANNAH THOMAS.

"'E Done Riz"

"'E DONE riz; Ah tell yuh, Br'er Ike done riz." Uncle Henry's hired man, Jim, was standing before him with shaking knees and staring eyes.

"You don't say," replied Uncle Henry in his matter-of-fact drawl.

"Yassuh, yassuh. Ah seen 'im wid m'own eyes. All 'is life 'e preach 'e goin' a be a saint, an', blessed Jesus, 'e riz afore we could e'en git 'im in de groun'."

"What do you mean, he's risen?"

"Jes what Ah been a-sayin' t' yuh. All us cullud folks wuz a-standin' aroun' in de church a-singin' an' a-gittin' ready t' beary 'im. An' w'ile we's a-standin' a-singin', Br'er Frank 'e open de coffin an' Br'er Ike 'e riz. 'E wuz all stiff-lak but a-settin' in de coffin jes lak he wuz a-risin'. 'E done preach 'e goin' a be a saint, but Ah won't zackly spectin' t' see 'm be one, an', blessed Jesus, wuz Ah scaid w'en Ah seen 'im already riz."

"Well, Jim, what does a saint look like? Does he have wings? Or does he ride the wind in a golden chariot?" Uncle Henry sympathetically

asked, hoping to bring the colored man back to earth.

"Ah ain' wait t' see w'at no saint look lak, an' ain' nobody in dat whole congegation wait t' see w'at no saint look lak. W'en de ole brudder started a-risin', dey's a-lightin' out; an' afore 'e e'en git a-sittin' up straight, dey won't a soul 'ceptin' Br'er Ike in a mile o' dat church."

By that time a crowd of trembling Negroes had gathered about the big house. Uncle Henry had always been considerate of his colored hands, almost chummy with them. Now they were all rushing to him for protection, the protection that the sanity of an educated white man can give to a group of near-primitive Negroes.

And many of the Negroes of the region in tide water Georgia where Uncle Henry's farm is located, though good workers and fairly intelligent in some respects, have reverted to savagery in their religion. They have established there an abortive wing of Father Divine's church, a religion which bears the name of "Saints." In a little wooden structure, poorly put together and still lacking paint, scores of them for miles around meet every Wednesday and Sunday nights to chant to the beat of an improvised tom-tom—chant rhythmic, jungle chants adapted to the Saints religion; to be healed of their sins—healed as a result of spasmodic jumps and jerks during which the devil is expelled; to listen to various members of their congregation preach to them of their rising and becoming Saints in Heaven.

Now Br'er Ike had been one of the most ardent Saints preachers. Since the time he had migrated there from Charleston, South Carolina, he had been a near-father of the religion. He rarely missed a meeting and was never there that he did not rise amid his brethren to expound on the glory of Sainthood and the damnation of sinners. Then he would always end by saying, "Ah's a-gittin' a be a ole man, but as a Saint, Ah's still young. Becez Ah's been a good man, becez Ah's nevuh sinned widout askin' forgibness, becez de Lawd's tol' me in dreams, Ah knows dat w'en Ah die Ah'll rise to hebben in a golden cloud—an' in dat same hebben Ah's a-goin' t' wait fo' de res' o' yuh dat's good Saints."

Although Br'er Ike had not been able to attend church regularly for the past year, although there were times when he could not

even leave his house because of his rheumatism, the darkies all remembered his fervent sermons. And now in the midst of his funeral they had come running to Uncle Henry to break the news that he had risen.

As they stood there chattering, Uncle Henry told them to wait while he and the pall-bearers returned to the church to decide what should be done with the empty coffin. "No-suh, Ah ain' a-goin' a-near dat church. Ah done tuk too much speerits las' night, an Ah ain' a-goin a-near no Saint till Ah gets fogibness," spoke up one of the pall-bearers. Then one after another mustered up an excuse to decline the invitation.

Uncle Henry started out alone toward the church to investigate the resurrection. Had the Negroes not been so earnestly scared, he probably would have joked a little and sent them back to their work. But he knew that this time nothing short of investigation would pacify them.

As he approached the door of the church, he could see, standing near the altar, an open coffin, and in it Br'er Ike was lying with his legs extended skyward. Uncle Henry walked up to the box. The body was just as dead as ever, stiff and drawn with rheumatism. Uncle bent over to push the legs down so that he could close the lid. When he did, slowly but steadily, Br'er Ike's head began to rise.

Uncle Henry laughed, "I'll have to tell Br'er Frank that he should have been more careful when he opened that coffin. If he hadn't tried to push the feet down in it, he would have saved those darkies from a scare they'll never forget."

ANNETTE GEORGE.

Undertow

(OH, HEAVENS, why did she have to telephone—just when I'm right in the middle of this last row on the sleeve? I'm sick of gossiping with these purring cats! All they talk about is what Roger said last night, or how awful Helen looked with her hair page-boy

fashion! I'd like to get out of this stifling house and walk—walk for miles and miles into the country until my legs refused to continue. Then, with no one but the fields and the gray sky to hear my voice, I would scream my heart out till my voice was gone.)

"Yes, my dear, I heard all about it. Don't you think it's just too-too? If I were Sue, I just wouldn't stand for it——"

(How glorious to be where no one would be forever telling me that I should probably catch my death of cold with no hat on! What if I do catch a cold—or even pneumonia? At least it would be preferable to starving slowly to death on a constant diet of *do's* and *don't's*!)

"Jack? Why, darling what a stupid question to ask me! You know we broke up years ago—I haven't seen him in simply ages!"

(Jack! Why can't people leave me alone, and let me forget you? I've tried so hard to forget you—so hard—; but even that smallest flicker of flame is dangerous on a windy day. Dear God, help me, in my weakness, to smother that spark—to forgive and forget!)

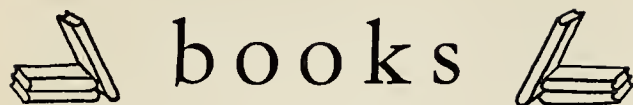
"Did Roger really say *that*, darling? Well, wasn't that just too sweet of him? How did the new peach mousseline de soie go over with him?"

(I'd like to forget everything—to fade away into a state of permanent amnesia—forget the telephones, the clothes, the newest dance steps, and all the plagues of civilization that make my life what it is! I feel as if half my life was being spent "post-morteming" over the telephone the events of the other half! There's nothing I'd like more to do at this moment than to crash this telephone to the floor, and never have to hear its tinkling bell again! Well, thank heavens! I think she's going to stop talking!)

"Oh, dear, do you have to say goodbye so soon? You certainly were a darling to call me up and tell me all the news. I have enjoyed it so much! Goodbye, dear. See you at the Blue Room tonight. Oh, by the way, what are you going to wear? I can't decide between my gold satin and my rose chiffon——"

NANCY BREWSTER.

REVIEWS



Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Conversation at Midnight*. Harper and Brothers, 1937. \$2.00.

FROM *Renasce* to *Wine from these Grapes* a chronological list of Edna St. Vincent Millay's books reads like a gentle diminuendo in degeneration, but *Conversation at Midnight* is a jump off the deep end. At last the high-priestess of American poetry has chosen to leave off dallying with rose gardens and Endymion and to shoot straight from the shoulder. Though the effort is to be commended, the literary excellence of the result is questionable.

Reviewers are divided into two camps. One hails Miss Millay as a new Sandburg, come at last into her rightful kingdom after long lingering at its portals. It is undeniable that *Conversation at Midnight* represents an abrupt departure from the conservative lyricism of her previous work. Whether or not her new-found pruriency is a suitable garment for a lady-poet remains to be determined. At least, Miss Millay has doubtless satisfied a fundamental requirement of her theatrical nature. She has again achieved the spectacular.

Those old-fashioned readers to whom Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth are still the Great Triumvirate will label this book a crude exhibition of adolescent pornography—all the more shocking because it is the product of the woman who, not without reason, was said to "chisel the loveliest lines of poetry carved in America." This, I suppose, is a fair sample from the New England Praxiteles:

"It was my habit of yore

To use several times daily a certain
mouth wash . . ."

or this:

"The world stinks.

It stinks like a dead cat under a doorstep. . ."

Elizabethan humor, I suppose her apologists will call certain passages; but let her remember

that Shakespeare is the greatest English poet, not because of his indelicacies, but in spite of them. Besides, Shakespeare's bawdiness is excusable, since it was the usual form of wit in his day. It is not in ours, and Edna St. Vincent Millay exposes herself to criticism as *recherché* in trying to be smutty in a realistic age.

However, at times her sophisticated naiveté attains wittiness without offense, as when in Lewis Carroll's vein she says:

"Tut, tut, it's all very bad, it's all very awkward,

It's extremely unpleasant; it's even somewhat painful.

God's gone fishing. All's wrong with the world. Tut, tut."

Shrewd and quotable as many of the lines are, there are no flights into lyricism. Even the sonnets, hidden like golden apples in a morass of free verse, are no exceptions; as soon as the bird starts fluttering, its wings are clipped. Nevertheless, she must be given credit for a clever idea—that of having seven more or less cultured New Yorkers meet together in after-dinner garrulity to discuss every conceivable topic from Bach to Communism.

Conversation at Midnight is thought-provocative, clever, modern, and alive; but what was it that Kipling made the devil say? "Interesting, but is it art?"

REBECCA PRICE.

Vaughan Wilkins, *And so—Victoria*. New York, The MacMillan Company, 1937, \$2.50.

FOR the past few years the historical novel has predominated in the field of fiction, and among the important best-sellers which have captured the fancy of the literary public few have been more widely read than Vaughan Wilkins' *And so—Victoria*, a novel of intrigue dealing with the notorious House of Hanover.

Mr. Wilkins, an English newspaperman, has captured all the beauty and the pageantry, all the profligacy and dissoluteness of the England of the mad Georges in this novel. It is the story of England during the years 1756 to 1835, immediately before the accession of Queen Victoria, and the main plot is concerned with the attempt of the Duke of Cumberland to prevent Victoria's accession to the throne. However,

running parallel, and quite interwoven with this theme, is the life story of Christopher Harnish, the hero.

Christopher, from the age of nine, is involved, innocently at first, in the dark intrigues of the Duke of Cumberland. After being accused of the attempted murder of the infant Victoria, Christopher runs away, is sold into virtual slavery, is sentenced to hang for murder, and is, at the last minute, pardoned by King George IV. From this time on Christopher leads an exciting life, which culminates finally in a "happy ever after" ending.

The story is a fascinating one, one which demands the whole attention of the reader, and so well written is it that it is impossible to stop before having completed every one of its 618 pages. Historically the details are accurate, although they have, naturally, been touched up and enhanced a bit by the author.

The book is a potential successor to *Gone With the Wind* (that is, as a best-seller), although it is neither as well planned nor as well written. Wilkins lacks that light, and yet so realistic, touch of Miss Mitchell's, which made reading her book such a pleasure. Perhaps the greatest criticism of *And So—Victoria* lies in the fact that its women characters do not live. Christopher is real, as is Viscount Setoun and the rest of the male characters, but the women never live very vividly in the imagination. Perhaps the best and most clearly drawn woman is one whom we meet least often, the foolish and pathetic Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.

However, this book does present a thoroughly convincing picture of "the evil age" before the time of Victoria, and Christopher, the hero, although definitely modeled on Anthony Adverse, could be any young Englishman set adrift in a whirlpool of other people's emotions. The mystery of his birth, together with his little-boy charm, adds just the touch to make the book appeal to the general reading public.

GLADYS MEYEROWITZ.

d r a m a

WHEN Paul Green first went to the University of North Carolina from Buie's Creek Academy, he was all that could be ex-

pected of a country boy going to college for his first time—shy, retiring, and boyish. Under Professor Frederick Koch, who was also a new man at the University at the time, he became interested in the drama and joined the group of boys and girls who were forming the Playmakers organization. Mr. Green's interest lay in writing plays, and with Mr. Koch as a teacher he began toying with one-act dramas.

The first of Mr. Green's plays to be produced on the campus was presented while he was still a student there. Characteristic of his later work, this one was regional. The setting was in Edenton, North Carolina. The play itself failed to make much stir on campus, but a fire that set the stage ablaze toward the climax created much more real excitement. Jonathan Daniels (now editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*) in the capacity of editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, reviewed the play for the paper, stating that the audience would probably have been much happier if Mr. Green had burned with the stage set.

Undaunted by the failure of his first effort, Mr. Green continued writing short plays. *White Dresses* is probably the best of this group, but it has been banned because of the race problem.

After graduating from the University of North Carolina, he attended Cornell, where he continued his study of the drama. He left Cornell still a young man, and in 1925 he was made editor of the *Reviewer*, a literary quarterly. But Mr. Green's interest was still playwriting.

Turning to longer dramas, in 1927 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for *In Abraham's Bosom*. His reputation was then established. His next play of any importance was *The House of Connolly*, produced in 1931 by the Group Players, with Franchot Tone playing the lead. This presentation brought thirteen curtain calls at its premier.

Hollywood seized on Mr. Green as a promising screen script writer, and he spent some time there adapting *Cabin in the Cotton*, *State Fair*, *Dr. Bull*, *Voltaire* and others to be produced as motion pictures. While he was there, there was much talk of bringing pictures dealing with Southern scenes to North Carolina for production and of using Carolina Playmakers in the casts. Mr. Green was identified with this movement which has so far proved unsuccessful.

In recent years Mr. Green has written other plays which have been produced on Broadway. *Roll, Sweet Chariot*, with an all Negro cast, ran only two nights, but it marked a new trend in Mr. Green's work—a trend toward symphonic drama blended with music. *Johnny Johnson*, his latest Broadway production, carried on the new trend with marked success.

The Lost Colony, the pageant at Manteo, has won nationwide recognition. In it the writer combined music, dance, and drama. *The Lost Colony* is based on the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's settlement at Manteo. In it Mr. Green has created a very real atmosphere and has been most successful in making history live again.

Mr. Green's plays are characterized by realism, subtlety, and finesse. With the exception of *Johnny Johnson*, he has been much more successful when dealing with regional drama, especially of historical nature. He has always maintained a keen interest in history and has been deft in dramatizing the past. Although primarily a dramatist he does not believe in segregation of the arts. To him the arts have something in common. His theory of symphonic drama, the blending of music, dancing, artistic stage settings, and acting will undoubtedly prove a great contribution to dramatic art.

Mr. Green has turned down a most flattering salary offered him in Hollywood for screen script writing, because he prefers to stay in Chapel Hill among his friends and associates. He is married to Elizabeth Lay, a fellow Playmaker, and they are living in the edge of Chapel Hill. In their home they take pride in entertaining their friends. Among frequent visitors are Anthony Brown and Sam Byrd, both known for their work with *Tobacco Road*, and Wilbur Daniel Steele. These entertainments are not on any grand scale, because Mr. Green still retains the modesty which made him a likable college boy.

ANNA DIXON

c i n e m a

STARRING in the current success "The Great Garrick" is the English stage and screen star Brian Aherne. While we are enjoying this exposition of his talent, Mr. Aherne will have already entered production of Farquhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem," with Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Born and educated in England, Mr. Aherne's childhood training was under the supervision of Italia Conti. He made his first appearance in Birmingham with the Pilgrim Players when he was but eight years old. When eleven, he played on the London stage in the Garrick Theatre. His presence in America is the result of a trip to England by Guthrie McClintic to find a Robert Browning for Katherine Cornell's Elizabeth Barrett. Mr. Aherne gave up a career as an architect in order that he might appear in this play.

And now Hollywood has secured him to feature as David Garrick in its version of the life of the actor friend of Dr. Johnson. "The Great Garrick" is a comedy of gay adventure which takes place in the eighteenth century. Another of Hollywood's recent attempts to romanticize history for the American public, this production has given Mr. Aherne an outstanding role in an outstanding screen play. The authentic old world costumes and setting, the sparkling dialogue, the brilliant acting, and the competent direction combine to form a production of rare entertainment.

The execution of the picture is a compliment to Mr. Aherne's acting—acting which is fast convincing theatre-goers that Hollywood has indeed been endowed with a great dramatic personality—Brian Aherne.

ELEANOR ELOVICH.

r a d i o

WITH the new season opening at its best, the Metropolitan Opera announces that its Saturday matinees will return to the air December 4. The first program is the presentation of Massenet's "Manon," direct from the stage. The radio curtain is to go up at 1:55 each Saturday over the National Broadcasting Company network.

The major roles in "Manon" are to be taken by Bidu Sayao, soprano, as Manon Lescaut; and Richard Crooks, tenor, as Des Grieux. With such a voice as that of Richard Crooks in the leading male part, we are especially eager to hear the rendition of one particular selection, "The Dream."

The second Saturday matinee, December 11, will consist of the presentation of Verdi's

"La Traviata," with Vina Bovy, Belgian soprano, Nino Martini, tenor, and John Charles Thomas, baritone, in the leading roles. Ettore Panizza will conduct.

For six seasons these matinees have been enjoyed by thousands who have never stepped inside an opera house, and their return has been eagerly awaited each fall. To those who cannot attend the operas themselves, the successive broadcasts have brought a precious part of musical culture. With a past record including performances such as "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersingers" and with many of the same kind planned for this year, we look forward with great anticipation to the broadcasts for the current season.

A new program consisting of a thirteen-week series of historical dramas based on James Truslow Adams' *Epic of America*, was introduced by the WPA Federal Theatre at 8 o'clock November 28. Drawing talent from all sorts of unexpected places, the first broadcast proved unexpectedly powerful. Though some allowances should be made for limitations necessarily existing, we find that we need make very few.

The successive broadcasts, each presenting some outstanding event in our history, will build up a vivid picture of American background and will fulfill a need long felt in the radio world.

RUTH PALMER.

CORADDI

Will award a year's subscription to a magazine of the student's choice to the author of each of the following: the best feature article, the best poem, and the best illustration published in *Coraddi* during the year.

CONTRIBUTORS

Mirian Sloan has been the Art Editor for the magazine since last February. Recognized as one of the most outstanding students in the Art Department, she has been featured in exhibits and has contributed many well conceived and well executed creations to the *Coraddi*. This coming February Miss Sloan will graduate. We believe that you, with us, would like to commend her for her work.

Miss Sloan has designed the cover for this issue, a design inspired by the Madonna and Child—a very old subject treated in a very modern manner.

The frontispiece in this issue is a reproduction of Elizabeth Blair's "Potted Plant." This picture is a departure from her usual intellectual renditions, a departure to produce an emotional and intensely feminine drawing.

Alice Sircom is a sophomore. Her article, "Gentle Rain from Heaven," in this magazine has been written from source material. Miss Mossman of our Sociology Department helped her secure letters, diaries, and telegrams that have been sent to America by people who have been in Chinese colleges during the war.

Louette Glaser has written two poems for the magazine. "At the Concert" was inspired by the concert given here on campus by the Kolisch Quartet. This poem further strengthens our comment in the last issue that she is a writer of vigor and vivid imagery.

Louise Conkling is a sophomore. The summer after her graduation from high school was spent in Europe, principally in Geneva, at which time she attended the League meeting on which her article is based. She plans to continue writing as a profession.

Marie Sette has written a sequel to her "Proletarian Novel," "The Proletarian Drama." The principles she laid down as a basis for the true proletarian novel she has carried over into a related field, the drama. We hope to have a third in the series, an article on proletarian poetry.

Elizabeth Brown has written "Journal of a Maiden Aunt" for this issue. It reflects her feeling for satire, satire that has been recognized by the magazine for several years.

"I Work for Mr. Brown," by Georgia Arnett, is taken from an actual experience. The incident occurred substantially as related in the story.

Jane Gillett, though a freshman, has long been interested in writing. She plans to make journalism her life's work. Her article on Filene is timely and well calculated; and an inside story like this on a famous man is always interesting.

Sheila Corley is our poetry editor. Her sonnet in this issue is the first of her poetry to appear this year. You will remember the "A Possible Malediction on Books" and "Qui Deum Perdere Volunt" among her poems published previously.

Frankie Northcott is a Junior. She transferred to this college from Peace College in Raleigh, North Carolina, where she did her freshman and sophomore work. "A Miracle" is the first of her work to appear in the magazine.

Christina Changaris is a sophomore. Her illustration for "At the Concert" is characteristic of the emotional quality of her art work. The panels for "A Journal of a Maiden Aunt" have been done by Elizabeth Uzzelle. They show the fresh, naive quality which is typical of Miss Uzzelle's work. Virginia Rogers' interpretation of a landscape is in her usual decorative manner. In illustrating "The Proletarian Drama," Susan Barksdale has captured the powerful rhythm of workers at their tasks.

Susannah Thomas has published a second of her experiences at camp. You will remember "Waiting" in the last issue. She is a junior and is an English major. Nancy Brewster, author of "Undertow," is new in these pages. She is a freshman. Annette George is also a new-comer. The sketches are taken from actual experiences.



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